TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

A very remarkable thing occurred last Tuesday the 4th inst. Every daily paper in the city contained a letter about a column and a quarter in length, written by W. H. Pearson, general manager and secretary of the Consumers' Gas Company. The letters were all alike, though variously addressed to the editor of each paper in which it appeared. Now it happened that Monday, the 3rd inst., was a busy day in newspaper circles and the papers of Tuesday were short of space in which to give the news, yet, strangely enough, all of them found room for that letter though more interesting affairs had to be crowded out or reduced to a paragraph. Ordinarily communications have to wait until there is plenty of room even if they get old enough to wear a beard before they go in. This editorial rule, however, does not apply to advertisements; they go in when they are ordered no matter what else has to stay out. These facts lead me to believe that Manager Pearson's letter was an advertisement, paid for by the good gold of the Consumers' Gas Company. Newspapers are not ordinarily apt to be so wonderfully unanimous in shoving aside good reading matter in order to display the views and virtues of a gas company and I think the general public will size up the thing about as I do. The advertising rates for "reading notices" vary from twenty to fifty cents per agate line, and if we take twenty-five cents as the average it becomes apparent that the insertion of the letter in six papers must have cost Manager Pearson and the gas company in the neighborhood of five hundred dollars—quite a tidy little amount for one day's advertisement of cheap gas and virtuous gas men. But with the foresight which always characterizes the conduct of the gas company, they evidently insisted on the worth of their money, for with unanimity even more surprising than that which led to the insertion of the letter, the six editors with one accord were moved to editorial utterance on this momentous question of the right of the Consumers' Gas Company to lay their wires for electric lighting. Strange, isn't it, that six editors should all write an editorial on the same subject on the same day, all showing the same kindly disposition to the Consumers' Gas Company? The facts—such as are facts—were not new; they have been in the possession of the municipal reporters for years. Manager Pearson had assiduously told the editors the same tale many times previously, but never was the moon so favorable or the stars so propitious for impressing the opinion moulders as last Monday night. Floods on land and wrecks at sea, stormy council meetings and throbbing thoughts on mighty topics were forgotten by six editors that the virtues of the Consumers' Gas Company might be extolled. Strange! Aye 'twas passing strange!

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Read some of the sayings of these opinion makers—not taken from "locals," but from the gurgling stream of "leaded" wisdom:

The *Mail*:

In another column appears a letter from Mr. W. H. Pearson, the general manager of the Consumers' Gas Company, in which he very ably and clearly replies to the charges made against the company by certain members of the City Council and others. Mr. Pearson certainly makes out a good case. . . . . The defence of the Gas Company's conduct and methods is a good one, and is well calculated to influence public sentiment in favor of the company's fair and reasonable demands.

***Evening News*:**

In a communication in another column Mr. W. H. Pearson, general manager and secretary of the Consumers' Gas Company, explains at length and most intelligently, etc.

Leader in the *World*:

Attention is directed to a letter in this issue by Mr. W. H. Pearson, manager of the Consumers' Gas Co. He replies to attacks that have been made on the company and gives some interesting comparisons as to the regulation of gas companies in various cities, etc.

Leader in the anti-pinhole *Telegram*:

In another column Manager Pearson ably supports the appeal of the Gas Company for liberty to enter into the electric lighting business. He has been forced to speak in reply to his critics. The facts and figures he brings out are worthy of consideration, and ought to have an influence upon a controversy, etc.

The *Empire*:

The important letter of Mr. Pearson, the manager of the Consumers' Gas Company, which will be found in another column, will be read with a good deal of interest by citizens generally, going, as it does, very fully into the present position of the company in answer to the strictures upon it by members of the Council and others, etc.

The *Globe*:

These will be found in another column a letter ably and strongly asserting the right of the Consumers' Gas Company, etc.

The similarity of editorial expression is so remarkable that one might almost imagine that the six great editors were taking their holidays and that Manager Pearson of the Consumers' Gas Company had been installed for the night and day as sole editor of the entire six watchdogs of the public treasury. Or can it be that competition has brought the opinion moulders to the painful pass that the hoofs and horns go with the hide, and every seventy-five dollar advertisement carries with it an editorial endorsement? One would think so when the editor of a leading local daily stands sponsor for a kidney cure, and the whole six editorially "direct attention" to an advertisement "in another column!" Who now dare assert that we are without cheap gas? Would it not be well to supplement Manager Pearson's schedule of gas prices in other cities by a list of the comparative prices of editorials in Toronto and elsewhere; together with facts as to the candle power of each screed?

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We must admit that if Manager Pearson obtained the insertion of the six letters for five hundred dollars, with six editorials thrown in, he got the worth of his money. President-of-the-Gas Company Austen remarked somewhat incautiously that no matter how many electric light competitors they might have, they could buy them all up; and this expression gave rise to the fear that his wealthy corporation is bent on having a monopoly. This fear will not grow less disturbing when the people recognize the fact that the Gas Company's seductive dollars are finding their way into newspaper offices.

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Chairman Shaw is right, the gas company needs watching. They may give us cheaper gas than is given in other cities; they may give us worse gas; they may pay smaller dividends than other companies, but the fact remains that they have grown immensely rich, that in spirit, and to all purposes useful to them, they evade the legislation intended to procure cheaper gas for the people. All arguments about having to lay aside a huge "Plant and Building Fund" lest their works blow up or their machinery gets old fashioned are rubbish. Out of dividends fifty per cent. less other concerns, incurring far greater danger, provide for such contingencies and are content. But nothing save the sole possession of this section of the earth known as Toronto will satisfy the gas company. That the powers they ask would be dangerous to grant I have shown in previous articles; the danger is recognized by all those who have taken pains to think the matter out, and Manager Pearson's attempt to make it appear that the daily newspapers are on his side is but one of many danger signals which the City Council should heed.

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Returning to the newspaper aspect of the case, I do not desire to be understood as suggesting that the newspapers of Toronto are venal or corrupt. On the contrary, I believe that no business men in this city make greater sacrifices for the public good than do newspaper editors and proprietors. With few exceptions, the lust of gain is weaker in them than the desire for good government and honest dealing. But personal prejudices and counting-room influence are gaining a stronger hold on the editorial columns, and in matters in which the editors have no strong convictions, there is a tendency to adopt the opinion which pays best. I am not given to berating my editorial brethren, and I trust they will see that the circumstantial evidence before me warrants everything I have said.

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The action of the Court House Committee and the City Council in refusing to appoint Commissioners to take charge of the new city and county buildings is, without doubt, a breach of faith. It is too late to discuss the disadvantages of a commission, nor is it in good taste for the aldermen to profess ignorance of the clause inserted in the circular sent to the ratepayers previous to the election. Aldermen are responsible not only for what they know, but for what they ought to know. Ignorance of the insertion of the clause indicates neglect of their duty rather than that the officials placed on record a statement "unbeknownst" to the aldermen. Yet the above excuses are all more worthy of consideration than the claim that a cut and dried list of Commissioners had been prepared and was about to be forced upon the council. If so large a majority of the aldermen objected to commissioners at all, and proved their ability to defeat the project it is reasonable to suppose that the same aldermen could have controlled the appointment of good men to the position. I cannot conceive who could do any "cutting and drying" in this matter. The aldermen had the appointment, and that there was no clique formed for the appointment of any set of Commissioners was clearly proven by the fact that there was no unanimity on the question whether Commissioners should be appointed at all. If a cut and dried scheme had been prepared the first step would have been to have the appointment of Commissioners admitted as a necessity.

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I imagine the aldermen have made a very great mistake, and they will discover it when they go to the polls next January. People don't like to be trifled with. Excuses will be made in vain, for the poorest business man must recognize the fact that a great enterprise must be conducted by those who have continuity of authority. The Court House Committee of the City Council only exists from year to year. The members are unpaid and lack the time to devote to the public service which will be required by those who supervise the erection of an expensive building. Not only is their authority transient but they are too numerous, and their interests are too closely connected with the wire-pullers in the wards. They will be much more open to the influence of contractors than Commissioners would have been, and altogether it would become possible for one alderman to shift the responsibility upon the shoulders of another, and so pass around the blame of changing the specifications that no one could be made responsible. If mistakes are made—and mistakes will be expensive matters—Brown will say it was Jones' fault and Jones will blame Brown, and insinuate that Johnston was pulling the string, and Johnston will find an opportunity for alleging that Smith made it impossible for him to vote otherwise, and so on until the public will really not know where to place the blame. One point alone was well taken; that the Council is responsible to the people. I always have more faith in those elected by the people than those who are appointed by a governing body. But this can be easily overcome. Have the Commissioners elected by the people. Nominations can be made in the ordinary way and the election of Commissioners would be a small expense. If a salary is to be paid them let it be fixed by the Council in advance so that those who commit themselves as candidates for the office will know exactly what they are doing. Let the by-law authorizing such a procedure contain the clause that any member of the Commission may be suspended by a two-thirds vote of the Council and his place declared vacant and an election held to provide a successor. I believe that this mode of fixing a commission would be popular and that better men would be elected than would be appointed. If the people make mistakes the Council would be freed from blame. However, I am afraid the Council is anxious to retain the patronage in its own power. But they must remember that the people are watching them and will resent in a most unmistakable manner any attempt at jobbing.

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I saw a paragraph in the papers which amused me very much. It purported to be an interview with John J. Withrow, who felt too delicate to speak on the subject insomuch as his name had been mentioned as that of a probable Commissioner, though he stated his acceptance of the office would depend upon whether the other Commissioners were satisfactory to him. It is pleasant to find a man who is so deeply concerned for the public good that he will not undertake a public trust unless his associates are pleasing to him. It also suggests a modesty which is startlingly beautiful. He evidently feels that in the hands of three men as good as John J. Withrow the whole thing would be safe. Probably it would, but I have no reason to believe that the virtues of John J. Withrow have become the standard of Toronto. There are many men in this city who are his superiors in business ability and not his inferiors in honesty, though I do not deny the latter attribute to Mr. Withrow. Having become a settled fact that Mr. Withrow can be elected to no position of honor, his friends seem determined to urge his appointment when it has become possible for him to attain prominence without appealing to the people. I believe the persistent urging of Mr. Withrow's name has not strengthened the idea of a commission. He is notoriously objectionable to the workingmen of Toronto. His attitude in opposition to the Trades Unionists may be the proper one, but the offensive manner in which he has opposed everything which has emanated from the working classes has made him positively hated by those who toil, and he is the last man to assume any arrogant tone or in his interview suggest that his appointment was possibly contemplated in order to conciliate the public and to gloss over the appointment of worse men I hold that his insinuation can mean nothing else when he said that he would not accept office unless the other Commissioners were satisfactory to him. It conveys to my mind, and I imagine it will to the mind of every reader the idea that he considered there was a danger of him being the only good man placed in nomination. But it must be remembered there are to be but three and if another as good as Mr. Withrow had been nominated the two of them would have been in the majority and need not have feared their wicked partner. In this matter Mr. John J. Withrow has shown the same unutterably bad taste which has characterized a much overrated man from the beginning.

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Let the people elect the Commissioners. If there is any cut and dried plan, the electors can be made aware of it. The aldermen then will not be to blame for the result. When a matter is in dispute it has become a favorite posture of the aldermen to ask for a plebescite. If it is not done now, the gentlemen of the Court House Committee and the City Council can be sure that the period will only be deferred until January. I am very much mistaken in the men if President-of-the-Council McMillan or Mayor Clarke will sign any contract until a commission is appointed. If such a thing is done, Mayor Clarke will be stultified, and I do not believe him to be the kind of man who will permit his ante-election promises to be made game of.

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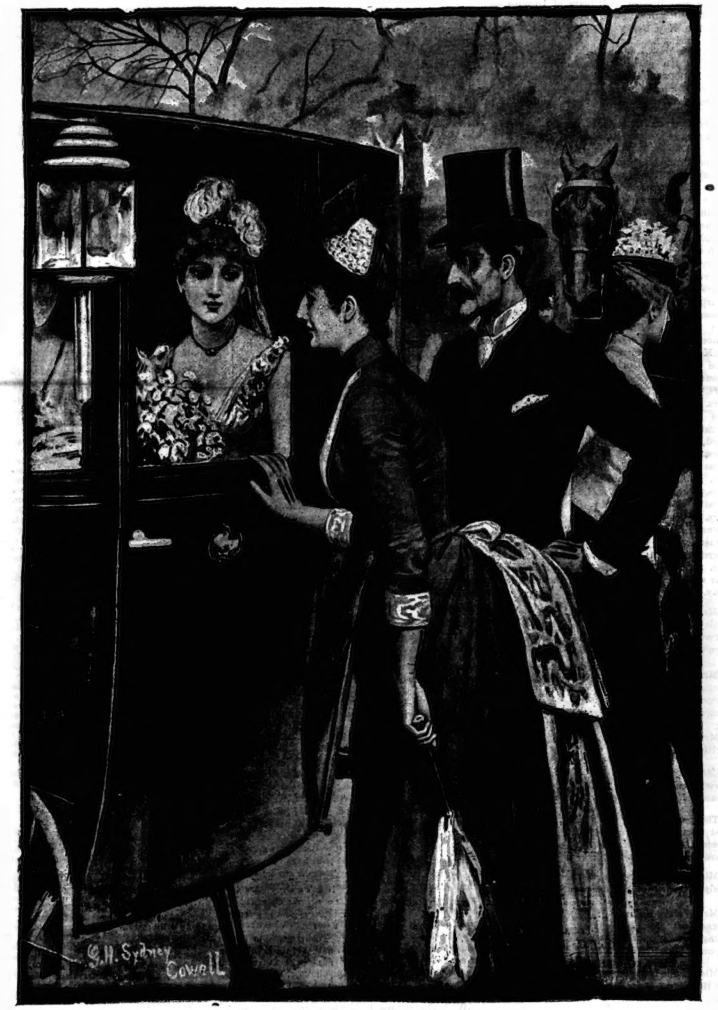
The incident in the Separate School Board on Tuesday night when a trustee named Reilly in defending the clerical party and the election of Father McPhillips, who was said to be lacking in the chief qualification of citizenship, declared that he was not a British subject and didn't care who knew it, made it apparent to the public that the School Board contains men who have no right to the control of any public privilege. Saloonist Reilly holds a license from the Ontario Government for the sale of "wine, beer and spirituous liquors." Is it the habit of the Commissioners to give licenses to men of this sort? Are there not sufficient British subjects willing to engage in the liquor traffic and to covenant for the proper performance of the duties devolving on the keepers of public houses without awarding the privilege—which by the way is a very profitable one—to men who glory in the fact that they are not British subjects? I am and have always been a Home Ruler in the sense that I believe in Canadian rule for Canada, Australian rule for Australia, Irish rule for Ireland, and British rule for us all, but I draw the line at any loud-mouthed contempt for British citizenship in a British country. If this country does not suit Mr. Reilly, "who kapes the hotel," let him go elsewhere. In the meantime it is the duty of the License Commissioners and the incorruptible Mr. Dexter to examine into this matter. Furthermore the Separate School Board had better understand that Trustee Smith was right, and that citizenship in this country is necessary even on a school board which, perhaps without knowing it, is making



THE DEBUTANTE—SISTERLY ADVICE.

it extremely difficult for a proper standard of citizenship to exist in this country.

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The recent attempt to use the Charlton Act to compel a young man to marry a young woman whom he was alleged to have ruined is wide of the intention of any statute. If the man Blake has committed a crime punish him, but the police have no business to privately engage themselves in getting up a shot gun wedding where a man has the alleged choice of the penitentiary or matrimony. While the interests of justice might occasionally be served in this matter designing people would get the advantage of it frequently, and it is not in the province of the police to act as match-makers. We are near enough military rule now without having police sergeants acting as mammas in distressing matrimonial affairs.

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The Johnstown calamity is so inconceivable in the vastness of its horror that people are really less moved by it than they would have been over some much less serious accident in their own midst. Living in peace and undisturbed by floods, we hear of these things with ejaculations of "Isn't it awful!" and yet we are not really moved. Had a torrent carried away the towns of Whitby, Oshawa and Bowmanville, where we all have friends and acquaintances, it would mightily disturb us to know that ten thousand lives had been lost, and yet the calamity would have been no greater than that in the Pennsylvania valley. That a fishing club who desired their own pleasure more than the safety of thousands is largely responsible for this greatest of modern deluges, makes it apparent that those who are esteemed demagogues, because they are continually stating how regardless of public life and safety are pleasure seekers and capitalists, are not far wrong. Each little social circle seems nowadays to forget that there is any other. That we cannot feel for Pennsylvania as we would if the calamity were nearer home, proves to us how narrow is the circle of our selfishness, and it is convincing that even the circle contiguous to those who have suffered were regardless of others when their own pleasure intervened. When we have had our home disasters such as that which occurred out at the Humber, when wagonloads of corpses came back to the city, we knew what this sort of thing meant, but when trainloads—what would really be twenty ordinary trainloads—of corpses are brought in after the slaughter caused by selfish carelessness it should make us look a little deeper than the surface into the responsibility which one section of mankind owes to every other. Even after one presents the case to the mind in every conceivable shape the awfulness of the suffering and sorrow of such a calamity is still but vaguely understood. It is like the problem of another world. We may compare it to everything familiar to our minds and urge our emotions to help us feel and yet stand and hear ourselves saying words of sympathy which we really fail to understand or appreciate.

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It is evident from the meetings which have recently taken place that the anti-Jesuit excitement has not died out. If it lives through the convention to be held at the beginning of next month the politicians may as well understand that it will be no inconsiderable factor at the next election. The trouble is likely to take place within the new party when it has a convention. A convention has been defined as a place where a number of people are brought together to be told what they believe, and the gentlemen who convene may not accept the doctrines which their leaders may attempt to force upon them. Another thing of which they should be careful is not to attempt to cut too wide a swath or else a good deal of their grass will get spoiled before it is harvested.

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Ald. Dodds' motion that Dominion Day, 1889, be celebrated as befits a great city glorying in the anniversary of the natal hour of the great country of which it is the intellectual and patriotic center, meets with universal approval. As in the matter of the city census, Ald. Dodds has been fortunate in leading public opinion in this affair. He is in touch with the people and is attaching to himself the young Canadian and progressive element of the city by daring to disregard the old lines and striking out new paths. In Toronto we have needed this, and I earnestly hope he will have the hearty cooperation of all those who can help make coming Dominion Day memorable. Why should Canada forget the hour when its greatest progress and proudest possibilities began? The United States for many years celebrated Independence Day by the reading in public of the Declaration and the delivery of fervid addresses which did much to instil in the minds of the rising generation a love of the Union and pride in her greatness. In the hour of her trial the sentiment fostered by these fourth of July speeches, saved the republic from disruption, and we would do well to lay a similar foundation in the hearts of young Canadians. It is to be hoped that one at least of the leading speakers of the province will be engaged to address the multitude which will be sure to assemble in the park if the celebration scheme is carried out.

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Now that Sir John has been made an LL.D. by the Toronto University it would be a neat and appropriate compliment for some other college to make Mr. Mowat a D. D. DON.

Society.

The Guild of St. Thomas' gave an At Home last Thursday afternoon to Miss Roper, sister of the popular young curate of that church. A most enjoyable afternoon was spent by those present. Among those who received invitations were Mrs. H. Grasett Baldwin, Mrs. Cumberland, Miss Cumberland, Mrs. Strathy, Mrs. Howland, Mrs. and Miss McFarlane, Mrs. and Miss Wadsworth, Mrs. B. Anderson, Mrs. V. Armstrong, Mrs. H. Duggan, Mrs. S. McDonald, Miss Playter, Mrs. H. H. Moorehouse, and many others.

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Among the visitors at the opening of the Art Exhibition at the Education Department, I noticed Hon. George W. Allan, president of the Ontario Society of Artists, Hon. George W. and Mrs. Ross, Dr. S. Passmore May, Mrs. Oliver Mowat, Col. and Mrs. Shaw, Miss Dixon, Miss Edith Dixon, Mr. R. P. Rutherford, Mrs. J. M. McFarlane, Miss E. McFarlane, Mrs. Belton, the Misses Ross, Dr. and Mrs. Galbraith, Miss McClain, Mrs. H. Ferguson, Miss Orr, Miss Pearson, Mr. Stuart Morrison, Mr. Rutherford, Dr. Rose, Mrs. Walter Lee, Miss Molte, Mrs. Walsh, Mrs. S. F. McKinnon, Mrs. Oliphant, and many others.

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Rosedale House, the residence of Mr. Percival F. Ridout, will be *en fete* next Saturday, June 15, on the occasion of the St. George's Society Garden Party, in aid of the building fund of the society. The entertainment is under the immediate patronage of His Honor the Lieutenant Governor and Miss Marjorie Campbell. The band of the Grenadiers will be on the grounds the whole afternoon, viz., from 5 to 7.30; and seeing that so much rain has fallen during the past two weeks, it is pretty safe to argue that by the natural law of compensation, the garden party at Rosedale House will be favored with Queen's weather.

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A mistake was made last week in the date of Mrs. Beverley Robinson's At Home, which takes place to-day instead of last Saturday as was then reported.

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Mrs. Alexander Cameron left us on Thursday to be absent some months in Europe.

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Mrs. George W. Torrance is visiting in Montreal.

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The Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario and Miss Marjorie Campbell have issued invitations for an Afternoon from four to six o'clock on Thursday, June 13, to meet the members of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church.

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Miss May Walker took leave of Toronto on Monday afternoon for a few weeks' visit to friends in New York.

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Mr. and Mrs. A. Morgan Cosby are giving a large garden party at Maplehyrn, Tuesday, June 18, between the hours of 4.30 and 7 o'clock, to meet the members of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church.

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Mrs. Ince of The Patches, Grosvenor street, gave a large party last evening.

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The formal opening of the Toronto Lawn Tennis Club, Front street, for the season took place on Monday afternoon. The threatening state of the weather prevented the large and fashionable attendance that is accustomed to gather on the club grounds, for the first Monday popular of the year. And the rain that had so persistently showered down every day for more than a week previous softened the turf so as to prevent the grass courts being played upon. The cinder courts had to be used instead. There were some of the fair sex who indulged in wielding the racquet. But few gentlemen played, amongst whom were Messrs. Fox, Gordon McKenzie, Plummer, Yarker and Hollyer. The "tea tent" was the center of attraction, around which were clustered Mrs. Gamble, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Cattenach, Mr. and Mrs. G. R. R. Cockburn, Miss Cockburn, the Misses Shanley, Mrs. Armour, Miss Spratt, Miss Marjorie Campbell, Miss Cumberland, the Misses Boulton, Miss Heward, Mr. Heward, Mr. and Mrs. Plummer, Miss Birchall, Miss Bunting, Mrs. Harry Ellis, Miss Langmuir, Mr. H. Gamble, Mr. Tate, Mr. Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Campbell, Miss Small, Mrs. Beatty, Miss Beatty, Miss Vickers, Mrs. Prince, Miss Ross, Mrs. Wragge, the Misses Wragge, Mrs. MacKenzie, Mrs. McMahon, Mr. A. W. and Mrs. Grasett, Mrs. Gordon McKenzie. The new secretary bids fair to make himself popular—Mr. A. M. M. Kirkpatrick—and next ladies' day we hope to see him persuade some ladies to play.

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Mr. H. R. Boulton of the Bank of Montreal has gone to Europe for three months, it is expected he will bring his mother and sister back with him in September.

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Mrs. Goldwin Smith (The Grange) will be At Home to all her friends on Thursday at four o'clock during the months of June, July and August. Tennis and afternoon tea.

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Mrs. Arthur Spragge has returned to Donald, British Columbia.

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Cards are out for an At Home to be given by Miss Maud Kingsmill of Avenue road to her young friends, on June 15.

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The garden party at Mrs. Larratt-Smith's last Saturday afternoon was, I hear, a great success. Nearly all Toronto's society people were there.

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Miss Ada Arthurs who has been studying in Italy returned with her mother last Tuesday.

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Mr. Walter Ridout left for his home at Colborne last Monday and will return shortly bringing his mother who will spend the summer with him at his country residence.

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Miss Lizzie Lamport of Jarvis street gives an At Home to a few of the college boys on June 15.

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Mrs. John O. Heward, the Misses Heward and Messrs. Gordon, Gassie and Charlie, left last Monday morning for Niagara-on-the-Lake, while the old house, known as The Pines, on Bloor street is in the hands of workman; the family will not return before the latter part of September.

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The driving party given by Mrs. Walter Ridout of Colborne, last Saturday afternoon, was a most enjoyable one, in spite of the week's rain. After partaking of luncheon at McConkey's restaurant, the merry party, which consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Ridout, Miss Churchill of England, the Misses Todd, Miss Constance Jarvis, Miss Edith Jarvis and Mr. Mervyn Mackenzie, drove out as far as Weston.

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Cards have been out some time for the Argonaut Club's At Home, which takes place on June 13.

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Many will be glad to hear of the return of Mrs. Edward Jones, her daughter Miss May Jones, and Mrs. Wynne, who have been away since last fall, traveling on the continent and in the holy land.

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Rev. Canon and Mrs. DuMoulin of St. James' Cathedral left last week on the Vancouver to spend a few months in England.

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Femininity in the Royal City has been in a flutter for some time past, with the result that on Wednesday morning, St. George's church, Guelph, was bright with lovely maidens and handsome matrons, all gayly attired in multicolored spring toilets, to witness the marriage of Mr. W. Percy Torrance of the legal firm of Kingsmill, Cattanach & Symons, Toronto, and Miss Harriet Edith, youngest daughter of Mr. Thomas Holliday of Burnside, Guelph. Venerable Archdeacon Dixon performed the marriage ceremony. Mr. T. D. Symons of Toronto officiated as groomsman, while the bride was supported by her sister, Miss Agnes Holliday. The bride wore a becoming dress of light blue, and her sister and bridesmaid looked beautiful in a cream colored costume. The ceremony was followed by a wedding breakfast which took place at Burnside, the residence of Mr. Holliday. In the afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Torrance started on their wedding tour through the Eastern States. On their return, I am told, they will reside in this city. Many handsome and appropriate gifts testified to the esteem in which the young couple were held.

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The early hour of 7.45 a.m. on Wednesday morning saw the church of St. Thomas, Huron street, crowded with people who had assembled to be present at another wedding. On this occasion the contracting parties were Mr. Henry Bucknell Mitchell of Millwood, Manitoba, and Miss Emily Crawford, eldest daughter of Dr. Larratt W. Smith of this city. The officiating clergyman was Rev. Lenox Smith, brother of the bride, who was assisted by Rev. J. C. Roper, M. A. The groom was supported by Henry W. J. Bucknell of New York, and the bride by her sisters, Misses Violet, Georgina, and Audrey Irene Smith, and her nieces, Misses Sybil and Muriel Smith. After the ceremony, Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell left for Montreal.

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The Canadian Order of Oddfellows will give a complimentary concert to the officers of the Grand Lodge in the Pavilion on Tuesday evening next. On Wednesday evening a banquet will be given the Grand Lodge in Victoria Hall.

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Mr. and Mrs. Jack Pearson of Carlton street have removed to the island, and will spend the summer at Monreith.

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On Wednesday evening, at the German Church, Bond street, Mr. J. W. Platten of the Erie Railway, was married to Miss Annie C. Bender, daughter of the late Chas. Bender. The groomsmen were Messrs. E. Shaw of Topeka, Charles Bender of Cleveland, George Heintzman and Harry Bender. The bride was attended by Misses Ida Bender, Annie Platten of Port Perry, C. Hunter of Windsor and Lottie Bender. The marriage ceremony was in English, and was performed by Rev. E. M. Genzmer. A wedding supper was served at the bride's residence on John street, after which Mr. and Mrs. Platten set out on their wedding tour through the Eastern States.

Trinity Talk.

Saturday was the last day of lectures for the present collegiate year. The dreaded examinations commence on Monday next, and are not ended until June 22.

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A face well-known at Trinity in former days, was seen once more within the academic walls last Monday, when the Rev. Charles Scadding paid a visit to his *alma mater*. Mr. Scadding is connected with St. George's Church, New York, whose rector, Dr. Rainsford, is another gentleman intimately known by Toronto people. Mr. Scadding is in charge of St. George's chapel, a mission in the poorest and most vice-ridden part of New York city.

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A welcome visitor at the college this week was the Rev. H. O. Tremayne, 85, who is now in charge of Lambton Mills and Islington. He has lately removed from Deseronto.

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The number of graduates from Trinity this month will be the largest Trinity has seen for many years.

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The reading prizes have been awarded, and this question, which is of considerable importance to the Divinity Class, has been decided. The successful competitors are Messrs. F. C. Powell, who takes first prize; J. W. Kennedy, 2nd; and C. J. Hatton, 3rd. Rev. F. G. Plummer and B. Haslam receive honorable mention. The "tugs" undergo a pretty thorough examination before their reading abilities are sat in judgment on. Attention is paid to the manner in which they read the lessons in chapel throughout the year. The examination also consists of the reading of the liturgy, sermons and standard authors. In awarding the prizes the judges do not appear to have been swayed at all by elaborate or rhetorical declamation. Simplicity and distinctness seemed to have been their standards. There has, I believe, been considerable discussion about the awards among the students.

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With the approach of the exams. and the cessation of cricket, baseball is once more gaining popularity. Very little baseball has been played at Trinity this year, as the students seemed to devote all their time to cricket and tennis. As baseball takes up less time than either of the sister sports, the campus will once more be adorned with a diamond, and the small boys on the Shaw street fence will constitute once more an appreciative bleaching-boards for the ball-tossers who will assemble at eventide before the nocturnal grind begins.

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The cricket match which was to have been played with Hamilton last Saturday did not come off on account of bad weather. The eleven met Upper Canada College on Tuesday afternoon on the Trinity grounds. With the elements looking down—and some times pouring down—upon them unfavorably, the cricketers did not find the game as pleasant as it might have been. Trinity won the match nicely by the score of 73 to 43. Bedford-Jones and De la Fosse, both of whom have not "come off" in previous matches made the scoring. Brought all also got into doubles although he had not had the advantage of any preliminary practice this year. The Upper Canada eleven undoubtedly possesses some fine bats, who know well how to retain their places and keep their wickets from failing. Freeman's work was especially good as also was Small's, whilst Fleming with a small score showed good guarding capabilities. The U. C. C. is pretty certain to show up well in the inter-school match with Trinity School, Port Hope, an event which causes annually great excitement in the breast of the youthful cricketer.

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The chief topic of discussion and the event which is one of the most anticipated of any occasions this time is the match against the Varsity, which concludes to-day. There is just enough uncertainty about this game to render its result doubtful, although the odds are in favor of Trinity. For the last eight years, as far back as records to hand at present go, I am told, the Varsity has not once been successful. Trinity has been the victorious eleven on each occasion with the exception of one draw. The Trinity cricketers are naturally going into the contest with a firm determination of diminishing nought from the victorious prestige of their predecessors. ERYX.

Out of Town.

BARRIE.

Mrs. J. Sanford, Statenborough, gave an impromptu dance last Tuesday evening after tennis. Quite a gay time was spent by all. The following were present: Mrs. F. E. B. Johnston, Miss Reiner, Miss Kortright, Mr. Alves Boys, Miss Schreiber, Mr. W. and Miss Grace Campbell, the Misses Mason, Mr. J. Castell Hopkins of Toronto, Mr. F. and Miss Hornsby, Mr. Gillett, Miss Cotter, Mr. H. McVittie, Mr. F. Lauder, the Misses Bird, Miss Baker, Miss T. Mason, Miss Spry, Miss Boys, Mr. A. Giles, Mr. T. Boys, Miss Stewart, Miss and Mr. B. Schreiber.

There was an Imperial Federation meeting held lately in the Foresters' Hall, to consider the advisability of taking steps to organize a branch of the league here. The following committee was formed: Daniel Spry (chairman), Mayor Pepler, H. H. Strathy, Q.C., Dr. McCarthy, M.P., J. Counsell, Mr. Frank Hornsby, Mr. Geo. Henderson, Mr. W. E. Sherwood of Shanty Bay, Mr. R. J. Fletcher, Mr. H. Annand, Mr. Arthur Cooper and Mr. Oscar Dean of Shanty Bay.

Mrs. D'Alton McCarthy of Toronto has been staying with her daughter, Mrs. F. E. F. Pepler.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Spry left last week for the states where they intend making a short visit in New York, Philadelphia and other places.

Miss Kate Ardagh has returned from Toronto, and intends leaving shortly for Muskoka.

Mr. J. Castell Hopkins of Toronto is in town and is the guest of Mrs Geo. J. Mason of Harr Hall.

Mr. F. Lount of Bradford was in Barrie last week.

Mrs. Howell of Winnipeg is visiting relatives in town.

Mr. W. D. Spry spent a few days in Bradford lately and was the guest of Mrs. Geo. Lount.

Miss Brydon has returned after spending a few weeks in New York. OCULAIRE.

BRANTFORD.

Mrs. Walter C. Hately of Chicago is in town visiting old friends.

Miss Hatton of Toronto returned home last week.

Miss Van Norman left for Denver last Saturday to visit her brother, Dr. Harry Van Norman.

A canoeing party, consisting of Messrs. Hoskins, Minty, Odell, and Capts. Wilkes, McGlashan and A. E. Christie, went to Galt last Saturday, and had a delightful run from there, the river being unusually high for this season of the year.

The reception and concert given by the Dufferin Rifles in the officers' handsome quarters on Colborne street, last Tuesday evening, was one of the events of the season. This is the last of a series of smoking concerts given by them and is the first to which ladies have been invited. I need not say that this time the pipes were left at home. Lieut.-Col. Jones received the guests, who commenced to arrive about half-past eight. Among so many it is impossible to give a full list of those present, but I noticed the Hon. A. Kilgour and Mrs. Hardy, Mayor and Mrs. Heyd, Mrs. H. Yates, Miss Goodson, Miss Fair, Miss Byrne, Miss E. Pauline Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. H. McK. Wilson, the Misses Crompton, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Osborne, the Misses McCara, Miss Barr, Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Blackader, Miss Ross, Miss Bennett, Miss Latter, Miss Bunnell, Miss Harris, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Nellie Van Norman, Miss Birch, the Misses Robinson, Miss Griffin and Miss McCallum of Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Wilkes, Mr. Galbraith, Messrs. Pike, Lewis, Minty, Warwick, Turnbull, Mr. and Mrs. Lemmon, Mr. and Miss Gould, Mrs. W. Hately, Mrs. and Miss Cheney, Mr. and Miss Revitt. Songs and instrumental music were given by several of Brantford's talented amateurs. Refreshments were served during the evening. The guests departed about eleven o'clock. The officers are to be congratulated on the success of their entertainment, which every one hopes will be repeated at no distant date.

I am too late to notice this week the weddings that have taken place, but I shall give a full account next week.

Brief and Comprehensive.

Amos J. Cummings and a group of congenial spirits were discussing brevity the other evening in a well-known cafe, and the famous congressional editor said: "One of the most brief and comprehensive reports I ever received was made by a reporter. It was during a movement that was ostensibly for the purpose of closing the hotel barrooms on Sunday evening. I called the reporter up, and knowing that he knew all the barkeepers in the hotels, sent him out with orders to find whether or not they closed on the evening mentioned. That was Sunday. For three days I saw nothing of Mike, but the following Wednesday he showed up looking very rocky. I wanted to see what he would do. In about five minutes he was at my desk and gravely remarked 'No, sir. The bars were all open.' A minute later he was asleep in a corner."

Something New in Twins

The mother of a family showed the conductor on the railway a couple of half-price tickets for her two children. The latter, after looking at them doubtfully, said:

"How old are they?"

"They are only six, and they are twins."

"Ah!"

Then after a moment's pause, the man inquired:

"And where were they born?"

The mother (unthinkingly)—This one was born in New York, and the other in Montreal.

Conceit All Gone.

Old Gent—Let me see. Yes, I met your nephew five years ago, and if you must know the truth, I was disgusted with him—such a vain, conceited, insufferable puppy I never saw in my life.

Old Neighbor—Oh, he's changed completely now. He's the most modest man you could find in a day's journey—he doesn't believe he knows anything.

"You don't say so! Well, now I think of it, when I met him he was a college sophomore."

"Yes, and now he's a graduate and trying to earn his own living."

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Love's Golden Dream

The average sale of this song in London exceed 2 500 copies weekly. Its success is almost unprecedented. It is sung by Sims Reeves, Marie Roze and hosts of other soloists. Everyone can play it. Everyone sings it. All like it.

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For Tennis.

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Beautiful styles. Made for us by

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Excursion to Paris

A special party, under charge of Mr. F. C. Clark, U. S. Vice-Consul at Jerusalem, will leave on June 27 for a 4½ weeks' trip to London and the Exposition.

First-class throughout, including hotel expenses, $165.

Send for programmes.

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The Dressmaking Department is worthy of notice also, being under able management.

TENNIS SUITS

We make up White Tennis Suits at

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Fancy Stripe Tennis Coats made to order

A LINE IN STOCK AT $2.50 EACH

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ROOM 1,

55 AND 57 ADELAIDE STREET EAST,

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High Grade Non-Magnetic Swiss & American WATCHES

Gold and Silver—Wholesale and Retail

The Luncheon Hour.

WHEN a boy first goes down town, he brings his luncheon with him—he always calls his midday meal a lunch, however, until he gets to be a gray-haired millionaire and is taught better by his sons and daughters. You can tell by looking at that luncheon whether or no the boy has a mother, and, if he have one, just what sort of a mother she is—you can tell just by looking at the way it is done up. If it is scrunched up in a newspaper, that boy has no woman to care for him. If it is neatly wrapped in brown paper, the mother is there. And if it is folded in a clean napkin, it is a mother who has some social ambition for her boy, and the boy is worth studying, for he is either a gentleman or a wretched little prig and milksop.

The luncheon consists, as a rule, of a couple of fat sandwiches, a pickle or two, and perhaps a slice of cake or gingerbread. Sometimes he supplements it with an apple, which he himself has purchased at a street stand. It takes him five minutes (if he is a deliberate, careful, masticating boy) to consume it all, and then he has all the rest of luncheon time to romp with some other boy about the office, empty, save for themselves and the good-natured entry-clerk, who is willing to let them carry on as uproariously as they will, so long as they do not jog his busy arm or shake his desk, and who warns them of the approach of working hours in time to enable them to get the crumbs swept off their desks before the clerks come in, proudly picking their teeth after their boughten luncheons.

But after a boy has been at work a few months, tramping the crooked streets in rain and snow and sleet, he finds that his little vital furnace will not keep steam up on this meagre fuel, insufficient and poor in carbon. He seeks a restaurant where he may find soup and chowder, hot meat and sweet desserts—the sweeter, the more buttery, the better for him. In a little while he is a ten cent gourmet, a dime epicure. He knows the days at the various eating-houses: when it is pork-and-beans-day at Gnash's, clam-chowder-day at Potts's, or corned-beef-hash-day at Carver's. He knows where he can fare best if he would order apple dump' hard on de side! or, perchance, plenty er both! He knows where the turtle stands at the door, pallidly advertising his own sacrifice. And be it known to you that when that turtle is slain, that boy buys a plate of green-turtle soup for twenty cents such as you will not get at your club for thrice that modest fee. For this is the bait, the lure, the rare bargain of the cheap restaurant, prepared by a special cook borrowed from the Fat Men's Coterie or the Gowanus Club, which are

bodies whose social standard may be low, yet who know turtle even as the elect know terrapin.

Then comes the ascent into junior-clerkhood, and the necessity of choosing a better grade of refectory; an exclusive oyster saloon, it may be, or a German restaurant yet unspoiled by American prices. And in time the downy mustache and fluffy whiskers of adolescence wax full and bristly; the young man has his clothes made to order, and he rides a horse of a Sunday, in the Park. And then nothing will do him but a great restaurant on Broadway, with paneled woodwork and plate glass mirrors, grandeur and an atmosphere of rush and haste which almost deludes him into believing himself a brilliant Wall street speculator who must perforce sacrifice his digestion to the ticker.

With riper experience comes a connoisseurship in chop-houses and those stern and severe haunts of the famous high-livers of the town, where aged sports enter and sit down, and are served without uttering an order; where the head waiter sees a face at the door, and mechanically calls aloud: "Colonel Sap's port, James, and them woodcock Mr. Snapshot sent this mornin'!"

And by the time he has reached this lofty height one of three things has happened: he has been taken into partnership; he has set up in business for himself, with a share of the firm's patronage—or he has been ignominiously "bounced" for living beyond his salary.

If the last is his case, he goes back to his tencent eatinghouses and longs for the old days when a mother put up his luncheon for him. If his is the second and happier lot, he likewise makes a retrogression; but only in the way of a wholesome and rational economy and eats well and cheaply at noon time, without ever missing plate glass and paneled mahogany, or envying Colonel Sap his port and his woodcock.

And if he is taken into the firm? Why, then he sits in his private office, and his luncheon is brought in on a tray, and his wine comes in a cooler or a cradle, as his taste may dictate, and he eats with what appetite the years have left him, and, if he can think of anything except the business of the day and the morrow, thinks of the best years of his life lying, as it were, in the waste basket under the high desk he has quit forever, and remembers the maddening flavor which a boy's hunger gave to a baked apple dumpling, "hard on de side," thrown in front of him, on a dirty table-cloth, by a darkey waiter, who dropped, in the same motion, a dirty red pasteboard check, like this:

—*Puck.*

Pinned the Wrong Leg.

There was an eminent serjeant-at-law in London some years ago who had a cork leg that was a triumph of artistic deception. None but his intimates knew for certain which was the real and which was the sham limb. A wild young wag of the outer bar, who knew the serjeant pretty well, once thought to utilize this knowledge of the serjeant's secret to take in a green, newly-fledged young barrister. The serjeant was addressing a special jury at Westminster, in his usual earnest and vehement style, and the wag whispered to his neighbor, "You see how hot old Bufful is over his case; now I'll bet you a sovereign I'll run this pin into his leg up to the head, and he'll never notice it, he's so absorbed in his speech. He's a most extraordinary man in that way."

This was more than the greenhorn could swallow, so he took the bet. The wag took a large pin from his waistcoat, and leaning forward drove it up to the head in the serjeant's leg. A yell that froze the blood of all who heard it, that made the hair of the jury stand on end, and the judge's wig almost to fall off, rang through the court.

"By Jove! it's the wrong leg. I've lost my money," exclaimed the dismayed and conscience-stricken wag, quite regardless of the pain he had inflicted upon the learned serjeant.

The Highest Yet.

The highest waterfall yet discovered has been found near the west coast of New Zealand, and empties into the Poseidon River. It consists of three leaps in an almost direct line; but when standing about a quarter of a mile away, it has the appearance of a straight leap with two breaks. The water issues from a narrow, rocky defile at the top of a precipice; it then makes one grand leap of 815 feet into a rocky basin on the face of the cliff; issuing forth once more, it makes another fine leap of 751 feet: and then goes tumbling headlong in one wild dash of 358 feet into the pool at the foot of the precipice. The total height of the fall is 1,904 feet. There are fresh fields opening for the bridge-jumping and rapid-swimming maniacs.

What She Thought.

Mr. Billington—Oh, why do you say "No?" Miss Coolington—Because I didn't think you would take "No" for an answer.—*Puck.*

Traveling.

Among its many other distinctions the latter part of the nineteenth century may be aptly termed the age of travel. An experienced and discriminating traveler is to be distinguished nowadays by his dress just as readily as is the correctly dressed person in any other social channel. He will, generally speaking, be found wearing a suit of Scotch tweed or cheviot. The coat should be a three button cutaway, of the pattern ordinarily known as an English walking coat. The four button sack coat is also worn a great deal among travelers, it being an easy lounging and comfortable coat. The stock of Scotch tweeds and cheviots imported by the fashionable west end tailor this season is especially adapted for traveling purposes, and he invites his many patrons and friends generally to call and inspect his stock. He has also received a full assortment in light flannel goods for tennis wear, and which are now open for inspection. Henry A. Taylor, No. 1 Rossin House Block.

Every day demonstrates the great popularity of Thomas' English Chop House and Ladies' Cafe. Under the management of Keachie & Co. it has become the high class supper room for theater parties, and by far the most popular dining-room for ladies. Indeed it is the only restaurant noticeably patronized by the fair sex.

Toronto to Equal New York.

We are pleased to notice a marked improvement in King street east, which has gained by the opening of the handsome retail seed establishment of the Steele Bros. Co. (limited), at Nos 130 and 132. Here are found palms, roses, lilies and seeds of all descriptions; fountains, birds and everything to make the place still more beautiful, will be added. Toronto aristocracy will welcome such a bower of beauty.

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Telegraph Boy, Bobbing Round the Circle, Robbing the Miller, Ambuscade, Constellations, Bounce, etc.

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BEEF IRON AND COCA WINE
FOR MENTAL AND PHYSICAL EXHAUSTION
Has all the well-known properties of Beef, Iron and Wine, with the stimulating effects of Coca. It increases the vigor of the intellect, nerves and muscles; sustains strength in the absence of food; produces healthy sleep, and is not followed by any evil effects. Unequalled in cases of sudden exhaustion.
ADULT DOSE.—One tablespoonful between meals, or when fatigued or exhausted.
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Ladies should not fail to get their
Summer Frontpieces
which will save them trouble and time during the hot season. Armand's New Pompadour Frontpiece is the most becoming style. Curls on pins, for under the hat, are very convenient and easy to fit.
Waves, Wigs, Bandeaux
Switches in great variety and at all prices. Hair Ornaments of every description and style.
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CAMPING SEASON
EDWARDS'
DESICCATED SOUP
For Sale by Grocers Everywhere
Wholesale Depot: 30 St. Sacrament St., Montreal
Cook book free on application, naming this paper.

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Are now showing in every department a magnificent stock of Spring Novelties, specially in High Class Silks, French Dress Goods, Washing Dress Fabrics, Laces, Embroideries, Parasols, Hosiery, Underwear, Gloves, Dress and Mantle Trimmings, Ornaments, Table Linens, Sheetings, Curtains Furniture Coverings and Upholstery Goods or every description. Only first-class goods, and at popular prices at
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GENTLEMEN'S HUNTING CAPS
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We Repair, Alter and Store Fur Garments during the Summer Months at Moderate Prices.

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YATISI

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CORSET
This is the most perfect-fitting and comfortable corset in the market.
Crompton Corset Co'y
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THE LEADING
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Are showing a large and very choice assortment of the above goods, which they are selling at very low prices, having purchased 250 pieces at a big discount for cash.
NOTE—FINE FRENCH CHAMBRAYS, PLAIN AND COMBINATION, at 15c., regular price 25c.
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SUPER FRENCH SATEENS, leading colorings and effects.
EMBROIDERED CHAMBRAY ROBES, LACES, EMBROIDERIES, FLOUNCINGS, &c.
NOTICE---During the Month of June---Dress Goods, all at Reduced Prices
THE GREAT SALE IN OUR
MANTLE ROOM
STILL CONTINUES
TRAVELLING WRAPS, ULSTERS AND RUSSIAN CIRCULARS, SILK DOLMANS, JET VISITES AND STREET JACKETS.
SPECIAL—FAWN JACKETS, just received, will be sold at cost.
DRESS AND MANTLE MAKING OUR SPECIALTY
Every Garment guaranteed perfect in fit, draping and finish.

THE DAY WILL COME.

BY M. E. BRADDON,

Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," "Vixen," "Like and Unlike," "The Fatal Three," etc.

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CHAPTER XXIII.

"And from that time to this I am alone,
And I shall be alone until I die."

Theodore and his friend strolled across the Park after luncheon on Saturday in the direction of the west gate, Cuthbert Ramsay intent upon carrying out his intention of introducing himself to Mrs. Porter, and Theodore submitting meekly to be led as it were into the lion's den.

"You have no idea what hard stuff this woman is made of," he said; and then he told Ramsay what Lord Cheriton had said to him about Mrs. Porter on the previous evening, and how the daughter's life was to be made happy, if possible, without reference to the mother.

"The harder she is the more I am interested in making her acquaintance," replied Cuthbert. "I don't care a jot about commonplace women, were they as lovely as Aphrodite. I go to see this soured widow as eagerly as Romeo scaled Juliet's balcony. Did his lordship ever tell you what it was that soured the creature, by the way? That kind of hardness is generally in somewise the result of circumstance, even where there is the adamantine quality in the original character."

"I never heard any details about the lady's past life; only that her husband was in the merchant navy, upon the India and China line—that he died suddenly and left her penniless, that she was a lady by birth and education, and had married somewhat beneath her. I have often wondered how my cousin, as a barrister, came to be intimate with a captain in the merchant service.

They were at the gates of the Park by this time, and close to the rustic steps which led up to Mrs. Porter's garden. It was one of those tropical days which often occur towards the end of August, and the clusters of scarlet poppies in the old-fashioned border and the tall hollyoaks in the background, made patches of dazzling color in the bright white light, against which the cool grays of the stone cottage offered relief and repose to the eye. One side of the cottage was starred with passion flowers, and on the other the great waxen chalices of the magnolia showed creamy white against the brilliant scarlet of the trumpet ash. It was the season at which Mrs. Porter's hermitage put on its gayest aspect, the crowning feast of bloom and color before the chilling breath of autumn brought rusty reds and pallid grays into the picture.

The two young men heard voices as they approached the steps, and on looking upward, Theodore saw the curate and his wife standing on the little grass plot with Mrs. Porter. There could hardly be a better opportunity for approaching her, as she was caught in the act of receiving visitors, and could not deny herself.

Mr. and Mrs. Kempster were young people, and of that social temperament which will make friends under the hardest conditions. Mr. Kempster belonged to the advanced Anglican school, and ministered in the offices of the Church as it were with his life in his hand, always prepared for the moment when he should come into collision with his Bishop upon some question of posture or vestments. He had introduced startling innovations into the village church, and hoped to be able to paraphrase the boast of Augustus, and to say that he found Cheriton Evangelican and left it Ritualistic. Needless to say, that while he gratified one-half of his congregation he offended the other half, and that old-fashioned parishioners complained of his "gewgaws fetched from Aaron's old wardrobe or the flamen's vestry." Mrs. Kempster had work enough to do in smoothing down the roughened furs of these antediluvians, which smoothing process she effected chiefly by a rigorous system of polite afternoon calls, in which no habitant of the parish was forgotten, and an occasional small expenditure in the shape of afternoon tea and halfpenny buns toasted and buttered by her own fair hands. She was a bright, good-tempered little woman, whom her husband generally spoke of as a "body."

The Kempsters had just accepted Mrs. Porter's invitation to tea, and were making a admiring inspection of her garden before going into the cottage.

"I don't believe anyone in Cheriton parish has such roses as you, Mrs. Porter," said the curate's wife, gazing admiringly at the standard giolre de Dijon, which had grown into gigantic dimensions in the middle of the grass-plot. "I never saw such a tree; but then, you see, you give your mind to your garden as none of us can."

"I have very little else to think about, certainly," said Mrs. Porter.

"Except Algernon's sermons. I know you appreciate them," cried Mrs. Kempster, in her chirruping little voice. "Algernon says no one listens as attentively as you do. 'She quite carries me away sometimes with that rapt look of hers,' he said the other day. I am half inclined to feel jealous of you. Oh, here is Mr. Dalbrook. How d'ye do, Mr. Dalbrook?"

Mrs. Kempster shook hands with Theodore before he could approach Mrs. Porter, but having got past this vivacious little body, he introduced Cuthbert Ramsay to the mistress of the house.

"Mr. Ramsay is a stranger in the neighborhood, Mrs. Porter," he said, "and he was so struck by the beauty of your cottage yesterday that he set his heart upon being introduced to you, and I was really obliged to bring him."

"My cottage is not generally considered a show place, Mr. Dalbrook," she answered coldly, turning her dull gray eyes full upon Theodore with a look which made him feel uncomfortable, "but I shall be very happy to show it to your friend—and his lordship's friend, I conclude."

"I don't know if I dare claim that distinction, Mrs. Porter," answered Cuthbert, in his cheerful, resonant voice. This is my first visit to the Chase; and if Lord Cheriton has received me with open arms it is only because I am his kinsman's friend."

Theodore introduced the stranger to the Kempsters, who welcomed him eagerly, as one who came fraught with the interests and excitements of the outer world.

"May I ask if our man has got in for Southwark?" demanded Mr. Kempster. "If his lordship would be sure to get a telegram from the polling."

"I blush to say that I forgot all about the election, and didn't ask after the telegram," replied Cuthbert. "When you say our man, you mean——"

"The Conservative candidate. I conclude you belong to us."

"Again I blush to say I don't belong to you the least little bit. I am an advanced Liberal."

Mr. Kempster sighed with a sigh that was almost a groan.

"A destroyer and disestablisher of everything that has made the glory of England since the days of the Heptarchy," he said plaintively.

"Well, yes, there have been a good many false gods toppled over, and a good many groves of Baal cut down since the Saxon Kings ruled over the Seven Kingdoms. You don't want Baal and the rest of them stuck up again, do you, Mr. Kempster?"

"Mr. Ramsay, there are times and seasons when I would to God I could wake up in the morning and find myself a subject of King Alfred the Great. Yes, when I see the rising tide of anarchy—the advancing legions of nihilist—the Upas Tree of sensual science," said Kempster, slipping airily from metaphor to metaphor, "I would gladly lay hold upon all that was most rigid and uncompromising among the bulwarks of the past. I would belong to the Church of Wolsey and A'Becket, I would lie prostrate before the altar at which St. Augustine was celebrant. I would grovel at the feet of Dunstan."

"Ah, Mr. Kempster, we can't go back. That's the plague of it, for romantic minds like yours. I am afraid we have done with the picturesque in religion and in everything else. We are children of light—of the fierce white light of science and common sense. We may regret the scenic darkness of mediævalism, but we cannot go back to it. The floods of superstition and superstition have rolled away, and we stand out in the open, in the searching light of truth. We know what we are, and whom we serve."

At Mrs. Porter's invitation they all followed her into the cottage parlor, where the tea table stood ready, and much more elegantly appointed than that modest board which the curate's wife was wont to spread for her friends. Here there appeared both old china and old silver, and the tea which Mrs. Porter's slender white hands dispensed was of as delicate an aroma as that choice Indian tea which Theodore only occasionally enjoyed in Lady Cheriton's boudoir.

Mrs. Porter placed herself with her back to the window, but Cuthbert's keen eyes were able to note every change in her countenance as she listened to the conversation going on round her, or on rare occasions took part in it. He observed that she was curiously silent, and he was of opinion that Theodore's presence was in some manner painful to her. She addressed him now and then, but with an effort which was evident to those studious eyes of Cuthbert Ramsay's though it might escape any less keen observer.

The conversation was of politics and of the outer world for the first ten minutes, and was obviously uninteresting to Mrs. Kempster, who fidgeted with her teacup, made several attempts to speak, and had to wait her opportunity, but finally succeeded in engaging Theodore's attention.

"Have you seen Lady Carmichael lately, Mr. Dalbrook?" she inquired.

"I saw her three days ago."

"And how did you find her? In better spirits I hope. She hardly ever comes to Cheriton now, and her old friends know very little about her. I am told she has a horror of the place, though she was once so fond of it—poor thing, it is very natural. You found an improvement in her I hope?"

"Yes, I saw at least the beginning of improvement," answered Theodore. "Her child gives a new interest to her life."

"What a blessing that is! And by-and-by she will meet someone else who will interest her even more than her baby, and she will marry again. She is too young to go on grieving for ever. Don't you think so, Mrs. Porter?"

"Yes, I suppose she will forget sooner or later. Most women have a faculty for forgetting."

"Most women, but not all women," said Cuthbert, with his earnest air, which made the commonest remark seem weighty. "I know from other men, "I do not think you would be the kind of woman to forget very quickly, Mrs. Porter."

She was in no hurry to notice this remark, but went on pouring out tea quietly for a minute or two before she replied.

"There is not much room in my life for forgetfulness," she said, after that protracted pause. "So without being in any way an exceptional person, I may lay claim to a good memory."

"She remembers her daughter, and yet memory does not soften her heart," thought Theodore. "With her memory means implacability."

He looked round the room, in the flickering light of the sunshine that crept in between the bars of the Venetian shutters. He had not expected ever to be sitting at his ease in Mrs. Porter's parlor after that unpromising conversation upon the first day of the year. He looked round the room, thoughtfully contemplative of every detail in its arrangement which seemed to tell him what manner of woman Mrs. Porter was. He was not a close student of character like Ramsay; he made for himself no scientific code of human expression in eye and lip and head and hand; but it seemed to him always that the room in which a man or a woman lived gave a useful indication of that man's or that woman's mental qualities.

This room testified that its mistress was a lady. The furniture was heterogeneous—shabby for the most part, from an upholsterer's point of view, old-fashioned without being antique; but there was nevertheless a *cachet* upon every object which told that it had been chosen by a person of taste, from the tall Chippendale bureau which filled one corner of the room, to the dainty carved oak table which held the tea tray. The ornaments were few, but they were old china, and china of some mark from the collector's point of view—the draperies were of exquisite Madras muslin, spotless, and fresh as a spring morning. Theodore noticed, however, that there were no flowers in the room, and that the vases contained trifles which usually mark the presence of refined womanhood. The room would have had a bare and chilly aspect, lacking these things, if it had not been for the bookshelves, which filled every nook and corner, and which were filled with handsomely bound books.

"You have a nice library, Mrs. Porter," he said, somewhat aimlessly, as he took a cup of tea from her hands. "I suppose you are a great reader?"

"Yes, I read a great deal. I have my books and my garden. Those make up my sum of life."

"May I look at your books?"

"If you like," she answered coldly.

He went about the small room—so low, with its heavily-timbered ceiling, that Cuthbert Ramsay's head almost touched the cross-beams—and surveyed the collections of books in their different blocks. Whoever had so arranged them had exercised both taste and dexterity. Everything in the room fitted like a Chinese puzzle, and everything seemed to have been adapted to those few pieces of old furniture—the walnut-wood bureau, the oak table, and the old Indian chairs. The books were theological or metaphysical for the most part, but among them he found Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus," "Past and Present," and "French Revolution;" Balzac's mystical stories, and a few books upon magic, ancient and modern.

"I see you have a fancy for the black art, Mrs. Porter," he said lightly. "One would hardly expect to find such books as these in the Isle of Purbeck."

"I like to know what men and women have built their hopes upon in the ages that are gone," she answered. "Those dreams may seem foolishness to us now, but they were very real to the dreamers, and sometimes we have dreamed on till the final slumber—the one dreamless sleep."

This was the longest speech she had made since the young men entered her garden, and both were struck by this sudden gleam of animation. Even the large grey eyes brightened for a few moments, but only to fade again to that same dull, unflinching gaze which made them more difficult to meet than any other eyes Theodore Dalbrook had ever looked upon. That unflinching stare froze his blood; he felt a restraint and an embarrassment which no other woman had ever caused him.

It was different with Cuthbert Ramsay. He was as much at his ease in Mrs. Porter's parlor as if he had known that lady all her life. He looked at her books without asking her permission. He moved about with a wonderful airiness of movement which never brought him into anybody's way. He fascinated Mrs. Kempster, and he subjugated her husband, and impressed everybody by that strong individuality which raises some men a head and shoulders above the common herd. It would have been the same had there been a hundred people in the room instead of five.

Mrs. Porter relapsed into silence, and the conversation was carried on chiefly by Cuthbert Ramsay and the Curate, until Mrs. Kempster declared that she must be going, lest the children should be unhappy at her absence from their evening meal.

"I make a point of seeing them at their tea," she said; "and then they say their prayers to me before nurse puts them to bed—so prettily, and Laura sings a hymn with such a sweet little voice. I am sure she will be musical by-and-by, if it is only by the way she stands beside the piano and listens while I sing. And such an ear as that child has, as fine as a bird. You must come and hear her sing the evening hymn some day, Mrs. Porter, when you drop in to take a cup of tea."

Mrs. Porter murmured something to the effect that she would be pleased to enjoy that privilege.

"Ah, but you never come to tea with me, though I am always asking you. I'm afraid you are not very fond of children."

"I am not used to them, and I don't think that children like people who are out of the habit of associating with them," answered Mrs. Porter deliberately. "I never know what to say to a child. My life has been too grave and too solitary for me to be fit company for children."

The Curate and his wife took leave and went briskly down the steps to the lane, and Theodore made a little movement towards departure, but Cuthbert Ramsay lingered, as if he were really loth to go.

"I am absolutely fascinated with your cottage, Mrs. Porter," he said, "it is an ideal abode, and I can fancy a lady of your studious habits being perfectly happy in this tranquil spot."

"The life suits me well enough," she answered icily, "perhaps better than any other."

"You have a piano yonder, I see," he said, glancing through the half open door to an inner room, with a latticed window beyond which a small garden on a bit of ground, grown in sloped upwards to the edge of the low hill side, the garden melting into the luxuriant grass of a meadow, where cows were seen grazing against the western light. This second sitting-room was more humbly furnished than the parlor in which they had been taking tea, and its chief feature was a cottage piano, which stood diagonally between the lattice and the small fire-place.

"You too are musical, I conclude," pursued Cuthbert, "like little Miss Kempster."

"I am very fond of music."

"Might we be favored by hearing you play something?"

"I never play before people. I played tolerably once, perhaps—at least my master was good enough to say so. But I play now only snatches of music, by fits and starts, as the humor seizes me."

She glanced herself by the casement with a resigned air, as much as to say, "Are these young men never going?" Her nervous hands, with long thin fingers, busied themselves in plucking a faded leaf now and then from the pelargoniums which made a bank of brilliant color on the broad window ledge.

"You were at home at the time of the murder, I suppose, Mrs. Porter?" said Cuthbert, after a pause, during which he had occupied himself in looking at some water color sketches on the walls, which evidenced a good deal of their kind, and arguing a cultivated taste in the person who collected them.

"I am never away from home."

"And you heard and saw nothing out of the common course—you have no suspicion of anyone?"

"Do you suppose if I had it would not have been made known to the police immediately after the murder? Do you think I should hoard and treasure up a suspicion, or a scrap of circumstantial evidence till you came to ask me for it?" she said, with scarcely repressed irritation.

"Pray forgive me. I had no idea of offending you by my question. It is natural that anyone coming to Cheriton Chase for the first time should feel a morbid interest in that mysterious murder."

"If you had heard it talked about as much as I have you would be as weary of the subject as I am," said Mrs. Porter, rather more courteously.

"I have discussed it with the local police and the London police, with his Lordship, with the doctor, with Mr. Dalbrook's father, with Lady Carmichael, with Lady Jane Carmichael, these having all a right to question me—and with a good many other people in the neighborhood who had no right to question me. I answer you as I answered them. No, I saw nothing, I heard nothing on that fatal night—nor in the week before that fatal night, nor at any period of Lady Carmichael's honeymoon. Whoever the murderer was he did not come in a carriage and summon my servant to open the door for him. The footpath through the park is open all night. There was nothing to hinder a stranger coming in and lying out—and the chances were a thousand to one, I fancy, against his being observed—once clear of the house. That is all I know about it."

As an old resident upon the property you have no knowledge of anyone who had a grudge against Lord Cheriton or his daughter or Lady Carmichael, no knowledge of anyone of the lady's husband as a mode of retaliation upon the lady or her father?"

"I know no such person, and I have never considered the crime from such a point of view. It is too far-fetched a notion.

"Perhaps. Yet where a crime is apparently motiveless the mainspring must be looked for below the surface. Only a far-fetched theory can serve in such a case.

"Shall I tell you what I think about the murder, Mr. Ramsay?" asked Mrs. Porter, looking up at him suddenly and fixing him with those steady gray eyes.

"Pray do."

"I think that no one upon God's earth will ever know who fired that shot. Only at the Day of Judgment will the murderer stand revealed, and then the secret of the crime and the motive will stand forth written in fire upon the scroll that records man's thoughts and deeds and words. You and I, and all of us, may read the story there, perhaps, in that day when we shall stand as shadows before the great white throne."

"I believe you are right, Mrs. Porter," answered Cuthbert quietly, holding out his hand to take leave. "A secret that has been hidden for more than a year is likely to be kept till we are all in our graves. The murderer himself will be the one to tell it, perhaps. There are men who are proud of a bloody revenge, as if it were a heroic act. Good day to you, Mrs. Porter, and many thanks for your friendly reception."

He held the thin, cold hand in his own as he said this, looking earnestly at the pale impenetrable face, and then he and Theodore left the cottage.

"Well, Cuthbert, what do you think of that woman?" asked Theodore, after they had passed through the gate, and into the quiet of the long glade where the fallow deer were browsing in the fading light.

"I think a good deal about her, but I haven't thought out my opinion yet. Has she ever been off her head?"

"Not to my knowledge. She has lived in that house for twenty years. I never heard that there was anything wrong with her mentally."

"I believe there is something, or has been something very wrong. There is madness in that woman's eye. It may be the indication of past trouble, or it may be a warning of an approaching disturbance. She is a woman who has suffered intensely, and who has acquired an abnormal power of self-restraint. I should like to know her history."

"My God, Cuthbert," cried Theodore, grasping him by the arm, and coming suddenly to a standstill, "do you know what your words suggest, to what your conclusion points? The murder of my cousin's husband was an act of vengeance, or of lunacy. We have made up our minds about that, have we not? The detective, Juanita, you and I, everybody. We are looking for some wretch capable of a blindly malignant revenge, or for homicidal madness, with its unreasoning thirst for blood; and here, here at these gates is a woman whom you suspect of madness, a woman who could have had access to the hardens at any hour, who knew the habits and hours of the servants, who would know how to elude observation."

"My dear fellow, you are going a great deal too far. Who said I suspected that unhappy woman of homicidal madness? The brain disease I suspect in Mrs. Porter is melancholia, the result of long years of self-restraint and solitude, the not infrequent consequence of continuous brooding upon a secret grief."

(To be Continued.)

The Colored "Mammy's" Story.

(With a Moral.)

Ah, well do I recall how, in the happy olden days,
I sat beside the nursery fire and saw the fitful blaze;
While I listed the wind without, and the splashing of the rain,
And the broad magnolias tapping at the dripping window-pane,
When Mammy, rocking slowly, with the baby on her knee,
Told many a wondrous story—"jus' ex true ex true could be!"

"Well—once dar wuz two leetle boys, name' Jeems and Johnny Wood;
An' Jeems he fouh! it out, an' all dat heap o' money stole!
An' den he run away, so fas' he los' a rubber shoe,
An' he' his ma an' pa'r so pos', dey dunno what to do!

"Well—Johnny fo' his poo' Mamma he wucked de bes' he could,
Tel once she sent him to de swamp to chop some oner wood;
An' dar a lot o' 'gators come—er free, er fo' er five!
An' de biggest gobbled Johnny up, an swallered him alive!!
An' dar, inside de critter's maw, why, what did he hebe?
But de oder Injy rubber shoe, an' his mudder's bag o' gol'!!!

"Well—den he tuck his leetle axe, an' right away he hack
Tel he chop a mons'ous hole right frough de 'gator's ugly back!
Den out he pop, an' nebber stop tel he reech his mudder's do'
An' poured de shinin' money dar, right on de parlor floo'!
Now, honey! mind' ain' 'member dis, from de tale you jes been tol'—
De bad, dey allus comes to lad—an' de good, dey gits de gol'!"

SUSAN ARCHER WEISS.

Death of Thorndyke Rice.

Mr. Thorndyke Rice, whose sudden and lamentable death has been a theme of every editor, was a man of much more enterprise than literary attainment. The *North American Review*, under his management, jumped clean out of the conservatism of *belles lettres* into the front ranks of sensational periodical literature. It was the chastened forum of Bob Ingersoll, who always got in two blows to any antagonist's one. Mr. Rice managed to keep the magazine abreast of the average curiosity and mental wind of the community. He never did more with it. It could not compare with any of the English reviews for depth of thought or breadth of vision, or elegance of diction, but it always had something to say of the immediate occurrences that interested the public.

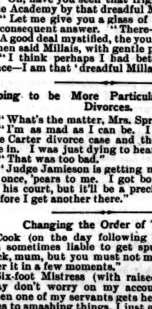
However learnedly the physicians who attended the late editor may protest, I cannot divest myself of the opinion that such a death was a very unusual occurrence. That the real facts in connection with his sudden and untimely taking off have not been given to the public I have the best of reasons for believing. I do not think that I go wide of the mark when I say that while an endemic condition of the lungs may have been coincident with his last illness, he would have been alive to-day but for two other circumstances, which had but little, if any direct relation to the alleged immediate cause of his demise. The first was lack of proper care, and the second was morphine. Whether the editor of the *North American Review* was given habitually to the use of morphine, I am unable to say, but that he, on his own responsibility, took a more than liberal dose of that drug a couple of hours before his death is, I am enabled to say upon trustworthy authority, a fact.

Although Mr. Rice had for a long time had his letters addressed to the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and though that was ostensibly his place of residence, he seldom, I hear, slept there, preferring to cast his lines in a place that, to him at least, was far more pleasant. The prospect of meeting Mr. Robert Lincoln, however, who, like himself, had just been appointed to a foreign mission, induced him to make the hotel his home for a few days.

"My dear fellow, you are going a great deal too far. Who said I suspected that unhappy woman of homicidal madness? The brain disease I suspect in Mrs. Porter is melancholia, the result of long years of self-restraint and solitude, the not infrequent consequence of continuous brooding upon a secret grief."

(To be Continued.)

Dressed to Kill.



Which is the Better Way?

Is a man bound to disclose his identity when he is made the subject of disagreeable remarks by an unsuspecting fellow guest? Anthony Trollope decided not, and gained in consequence the undying hatred of a lady who had chosen to disclose to him her delight in all novelists, except that "detestable Trollope, whom she never could read." Thinking it would be kinder to allow her to continue in ignorance, Trollope said not a word. Later on in the evening she discovered who the delightful person was that had taken her in to dinner, and was so angry at what had happened that she never forgave Trollope.

Sir John Millais, it would seem, takes a different view of the matter. At a big luncheon party, it is said, a young lady who sat next him gushingly remarked:

"Oh, have you seen that frightful picture at the Academy by that dreadful Millais!"

"Let me give you a glass of wine," was the inconsequent answer. "There—drink a little."

A good deal mystified, the young lady obeyed. Then said Millais, with gentle politeness:

"I think perhaps I had better tell you at once—I am that 'dreadful Millais!'"

Going to be More Particular About the Divorces.

"What's the matter, Mrs. Springer?"

"I'm as mad as I can be. I went down to the Carter divorce case and they wouldn't let me in, and I wuz just going to hear it."

"That was too bad."

"Judge Jamieson is getting mighty lofty all at once, 'pon my word. I got both my divorces in his court, but it'll be a precious long time before I get another there."

Changing the Order of Things.

Cook (on the day following her arrival)—I am sorry to have been little liable to get spunky and ease back, mum, but you must not mind it, as I get over it in a few moments.

Six-foot Mistress (with raised brows)—Oh, pray don't worry on my account. You see, when one of my servants gets her back up, and goes to smashing things, I just grab her by the back hair and break some of the cheap furniture with her body.

Cook—Y-e-s, m-u-m.

Thoroughly Explanatory.

"Here are a month's wages, Mary. Please pack up at once and leave by the five o'clock train."

"What for, ma'am?"

"I'm very sorry, Mary, for you have been a very good girl so far as I'm concerned, but I have no alternative. I can't discharge my husband."

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Sweethearts and Violets.

I was in a theater again. For the first time in two years that queen of song, Adelina Patti, was singing; and my little sister Retta, having never before heard the sweet songstress, had prevailed upon me to take her to the opera, which I did, though it must be confessed rather unwillingly. For what did I now care about music and song?

It was a brilliant night, of course. Lights, music, fair women, and the heavy perfume of sweet flowers, and then the great singer herself. Surely no man could wish for more than this great whole!

As I leaned back in the seat, closing unappreciative eyes upon all this splendor and beauty, the wonderfully sweet strains of the singer touched a chord of memory in my heart. A merry, laughing face, with eyes of blue, and crowned with golden ringlets, came before my vision, and a sweet voice murmured fond words in my ear.

"My poor, lost darling, lying in your little grave under English skies, do you know that my thoughts are ever of and for you? Can you know that while I sit among these pleasure seekers the light laughter grates on my ears, and I turn away from it all with a wild, unreasonable anger? How can they be so merry and light-hearted and you, my Claire, shut away in the cold ground?

"As I sat musing thus, I became conscious of a slight commotion about me. I opened my eyes slowly, and saw the whole assembly staring toward the box directly opposite mine, the occupants of which were a lady and two gentlemen.

"The Princess Lucia di Brazzoni," somebody said.

I looked at the lady with new interest—the Princess Lucia, of whom I had heard so much; the great Italian beauty, also the most beautiful woman in all Europe.

I had seen many charming women, but never, I think, one so wondrously handsome as she. A slender, queenly, but exquisite form; great blue eyes, delicately arched brows, a creamy skin, rose-tinted, and quantities of lustrous black hair, held in puffs and coils by several diamond stars.

She was dressed in what appeared to be some filmy golden stuff, cut square in the neck, just giving a glimpse of marble-like throat and shoulders.

"Truly," thought I, "she is modest as well as beautiful."

The dark, handsome man, as I afterward learned, was her husband, the prince. And the other, tall and distinguished looking, Clive Caryile, an Englishman of wealth and position.

Both men were regarding the princess fiercely. The prince, I fancied, was not pleased about something, for his eyes seemed fierce, and there was a perceptible sneer on his well-shaped mouth. Clive Caryile and the princess were engaged in an animated conversation.

Suddenly the princess dropped something, and Clive Barylle restored it to her. It was a great bunch of Parma violets, I perceived with a start. She loved them! How often I had seen her wear just such a bunch as that!

I had turned my eyes and thoughts away from the dark, beautiful face opposite, and settled down again in a revery, when I was aroused by an exclamation from Retta.

"Oh, Gordon, do you see that lady just opposite us?" she asked in great excitement. "It is she! The lady, you know, who tried to save Claire's life by stopping the horses."

"What, the Princess Lucia di Brazzoni!" I answered. "You must be mistaken, child."

"No, no, Gordon!" positively. "I shall always remember how she looked when she sprang from her carriage. It is the same lady."

I gazed over at the princess almost unbelievingly. If it were really she, then I must redeem my promise made to Claire, the promise that I would find her, this woman who, at the risk of her own life, attempted to save that of my love. And, as I looked across at the beautiful face, I thought of another scarcely less beautiful, though pale and touched by the hand of death, and heard a sweet voice saying brokenly:

"Find her, Gordon, dearest one, and if you can ever serve her in any way, do so for my sake. She risked her life for mine."

"I will find her, Claire," I answered, "and serve her if possible."

And so I had tried to do, but unsuccessfully, for I did not know and could not ascertain her name. And now, at the end of two years, I had found her, but through no effort of mine.

Should I introduce myself to the princess, and thank her for the service she had tried to render to one dearer to me than life?

"No, I will wait a few days, at any rate," thought I, "and then see her."

Again I regarded the princess. She was neither looking at nor speaking to the men, but seemed gazing ahead of her, with a far off look in her eyes.

"Of what can she be thinking?" I wondered. "Surely she is not unhappy. Beauty, youth, position, wealth—few women want more. But just now her face is not that of a happy woman. Well, after all how many of us are really happy?"

The last note was sung, and the music ended in a low wail as we went out and home.

In the course of the next day, while walking, I met Fitzgerald, an old friend of mine, who like myself, was staying in Naples.

"I saw the Princess Lucia di Brazzoni last night, Fitz," I remarked.

"Well, then, you saw the most beautiful woman in Europe," he exclaimed.

"Yes, she may be the most beautiful, but, unless I am much mistaken, she is not the happiest," I made answer.

"No, that she isn't, if one can believe what rumor says," Fitzgerald replied with darkening brow. "Comes from an old and noble Venetian family, and, it is said, married the prince for family reasons. One thing is certain, though, that he is as jealous as Lucifer, and quite as wicked. There used to be a sort of love affair between her and Clive Caryile before she married the prince."

"A pity that she is not happily married! She looks good and true."

"She is both," said Fitzgerald. And then we changed the topic.

It was four nights after I had attended the opera, a clear, balmy night, with the moon shining and casting its silvery light over everything. It was indeed perfect; a night, it seems to me, one never sees out of Italy.

Generally, the moon sailing calmly, serenely in the heavens, and casting its silvery glamor on the earth beneath, seems to shed a calm upon my heart; but to-night the restless, weary spirit within me would not be exorcised. Try as I might to settle myself comfortably in the depths of an easy chair, I was not contented.

"Nothing but a walk, and a long walk, too, will do for me to-night," I said.

Taking my hat, I left the hotel, and after an hour's brisk walk had left the city proper and reached the suburbs.

Before me lay the Bay of Naples, glistening like molten silver under the moonlight. Gondolas and fairy-like barges dotted the silver surface of the waters. For a moment I watched them, then, without stopping, walked briskly on, in a little beaten path near the edge of the water.

Presently my progress was stopped by a high marble wall, which was, as I supposed, the boundary of some estate. There was a little gate which I tried to unlatch, but without success.

"I am going to scale that wall," said I, "and get into those grounds." For the spirit of adventure had full possession of me.

No sooner said than done. The walls were rather low, and in another minute I was on the other side and in the grounds. Very pretty they were, with statues and fountains, bowers and rustic seats here and there. And away up through the trees I could see a handsome, spacious palace, ablaze with lights.

"I wonder who lives in this little fairyland? Well, I don't much care, as long as they leave me unmolested," I thought.

I took a seat near the marble steps leading to the water, and completely hidden behind a fountain. Suddenly I heard voices and footsteps approaching. Looking out from my shelter, I perceived a lady and gentleman. So preoccupied had I been with my thoughts that when I discovered their approach it was too late to move away without the risk of an unpleasant discovery.

Judge of my surprise when I saw Lucia di Brazzoni and Clive Caryile! They were talking earnestly, so far as I could judge by their tones; for I could not distinguish the words. Lucia stood looking over the water with a sad face. Then, as they re-passed me to return, Clive Caryile murmured something, and raised her hand to his lips.

"You are my good, true friend, Clive," she said, and they resumed their walk.

They had not gone far when a man came out from the trees and faced the couple. In spite of the distance, I recognized the broad, strong form of the prince.

"Now I am to witness an unpleasant domestic scene," I thought, and anathematized the curiosity which had led me into private grounds.

Suddenly the prince raised his arm, and with one blow felled Clive Caryile to the ground. Lucia uttered a heart-breaking cry, and turned to her husband with an awful look. For a moment she seemed spellbound; then she quickly raised her arm, there was a flash of steel, and she had plunged a dagger into her husband's heart. With a curse and moan he reeled and fell, dead, almost at the feet of the man whom he had killed.

I ran to the woman, my soul filled with horror.

"You are a murderess!" I cried.

She stood there, looking at me with dumb misery depicted in every lineament of her pale face.

"He killed Clive," she moaned hopelessly. "Oh, my darling, dead, dead! And then I killed him!" She bent and kissed Clive Caryile once, twice, on the forehead. "Clive darling, I have always loved you," she murmured, "though I would never say it while you lived. Farewell!"

Without one look at the lifeless body of her husband, Princess Lucia went slowly up to the house.

I was almost beside myself with horror at the scene which I had witnessed. Stooping over the men, I found that life was extinct in both. And but ten minutes before they had been in the flush of manhood and life.

I saw that the only thing for me to do, if I would keep Lucia's secret, was to return to my hotel before the bodies were discovered. And inside of an hour and a half I was in my room, with over-burdened brain and aching heart. Not until sunrise did I fall into a restless doze.

The next day all Naples rang with the startling news of the double murder, and great was the excitement. There were many conjectures regarding the terrible tragedy, but all were far, from the true one, as I too well knew. Suffice it to say that none ever found out the truth of the matter. My opportunity to serve the princess had come, and I redeemed the promise of years ago by keeping her sad secret.

Three days later Naples was stirred by another sensation. The Princess Lucia di Brazzoni had been found dead in her bed. Physicians agreed in declaring the cause of her death heart trouble, and I think they were not far from right. Only I said she was heart broken.

I could not bring myself to attend the grand funeral in the cathedral, but felt that I must pay one last tribute of respect to the memory of one who had lived a noble life until that last terrible act. So I procured a bunch of violets and sent them to the house of the dead. For she had loved the simple flowers.

"It was all I could do to further serve her, Claire, my darling," I murmured.

No one ever suspected Lucia's guilt, and I sometimes fancy that the angel face of my loved one smiles in approval of my efforts to serve and shield the honor of a noble, kindly fellow creature.

The Hottest Spot on Earth.

One of the hottest regions of the earth is along the Persian Gulf, where little or no rain falls. At Bahrin the arid shore has no fresh water, yet a comparatively numerous population contrives to live there, thanks to copious springs which burst forth from the bottom of the sea. The fresh water is got by diving. The diver, sitting in his boat, winds a great goatskin bag round his left arm, the hand grasping its mouth; then he takes in his right hand a heavy stone, to which is attached a strong line, and thus equipped he plunges in and quickly reaches the bottom. Instantly opening the bag over the strong jet of fresh water, he springs up the ascending current, at the same time closing the bag, and is helped aboard. The stone is then hauled up, and the diver, after taking breath, plunges in again. The source of these copious submarine springs is thought to be in the green hills of Osman, some five or six hundred miles distant.

The Best Age for Marrying.

In a meeting of the Hungarian Academy of Sciences, M. Joseph Korosi, director of the Budapest Statistical Bureau, read a paper on "The Influence of Parents' Ages on the Vitality of Children." This is a subject which has been hitherto but scantily treated in ethnological statistics, but M. Korosi has collected about thirty thousand data, and has come to the following conclusions: Mothers under twenty years of age and fathers under twenty-four have children more weakly than parents of riper age. The children are more subject to pulmonary disease. The healthiest children are those whose fathers are from twenty-one to forty years of age, and whose mothers are from twenty-five to forty years old. M. Korosi says the best marriages are those in which the husband is senior to the wife; but a woman from thirty to thirty-five years old will have healthier children if her husband be somewhat younger than herself. A man from thirty to forty years of age ought to take a wife from twenty to thirty. If the mother be five years older than the father the vitality of the children becomes impaired.

A Wasted Effort.

Adolph (much in love, but very nearsighted)—Ah! she sees me coming and waves me a welcome.

Biddy (washing the window)—Pwhat alls the dude on the outside? Shure he'll get some hot water over him if he thrys mashin' me!—*N. Y. Life.*

A Serious Mistake.

Callahan—It's sorry Oi am for yez, Hogan. It wor th' finest pig an th' hill. Phwhat kilt him?"

Hogan—Sure Oi t'ought it wor th' ould woman thrvin' t' git in th' shanty, an' Oi laved a flat-iron fly t'rough th' dure.

Life's Real Episodes.

Jones—There are only two periods in a man's life when he is greatly interested in his personal appearance.

Smith—When do they occur?

Jones—One is at twenty, when he watches the hair coming out on his upper lip, and the other is at forty, when he watches the hair coming out on the top of his head.

A homely man of merit is never repulsive. As soon as he is named his physique is forgotten; the mind passes through it to see the soul.

His Recommendation.

Gentleman (to village cobbler)—What's that yellow powder you're taking so constantly, my friend?

Cobbler—It's snuff—catarrh snuff.

Gentleman—Is it any good? I'm somewhat troubled that way myself.

Cobbler (with the air of a man who could say more if he chose)—Well, I've had catarrh for mor'n thirty years, an' I've never took nothin' for it but this!—*Saturday Journal.*

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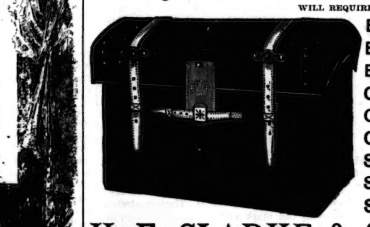

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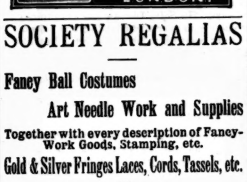

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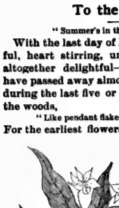
To the Woods.

"Summer's in the sound of June."

With the last day of May died spring, beautiful, heart stirring, uncertain—but this year, altogether delightful—spring, and with her have passed away almost all those flowers that during the last five or six weeks shone about the woods,

"Like pendant flakes of vegetable snow."

For the earliest flowers of the year are nearly all white as the so lately departed snow, of which they seem the apotheosis, or, at most, are tinged with such faint hues of rose and blue as seem but reflections caught from the morning skies.



CHICKWEED.

But with June comes summer—

"Summer, and a deepened tune
Of the bees and of the birds—"

and nature dons her gala dress to meet the queen of months.

Right royal is the blue of the lupine, the purple of the fly flower, and columbine nods and courtesies in the scarlet and gold liveries, which may be worn only by such as serve the blood royal.

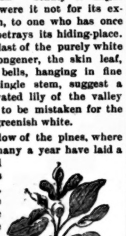
WILD COLUMBINE.

But, adding just that subtle charm that lace lends to a woman's toilet, show everywhere the clustered white blossoms of the wild strawberry, and here and there may still be found beds of the wild lily of the valley, the leaves of which bear a closer resemblance to its cultivated namesake than do its tiny yellowish white flowers.

In green underwood and cover, too, we still meet some of the lovely white blossoms of the numerous family of wintergreens. This beautiful single-flowered pyrola with its scolloped edges, and the pellucid whiteness of a pearl, shines from its setting of glistening dark green leaves. For all its gem-like loveliness, it is such a modest little beauty it might be easily overlooked were it not for its exquisite perfume, which, to one who has once found it, ever after betrays its hiding-place. But it is almost the last of the purely white blossoms; even its congener, the skin leaf, whose tiny pendant bells, hanging in fine gradation from its single stem, suggest a likeness to the cultivated lily of the valley causing it frequently to be mistaken for the wild one—is only of a greenish white.

SINGLE FLOWERED PYROLA.

In the odorous shadow of the pines, where the fallen needles of many a year have laid a ruddy carpet, soft and pleasant to the tread as Aubusson and looking, at a little distance, like an out-spread purple rug, bloom thickly the lovely flowers of another wintergreen, which farmer folk have quaintly dubbed Dutchman's breeches, but having also the much prettier, as well as more graphically descriptive name of fly flower.



FLY FLOWER

More and more generous grows nature as the days go on.

"Blossom by blossom the spring begins,"

but summer, the regal, begins her reign with a royal largesse and scatters gifts beyond our gathering. On wide-stretching sandy uplands, in broad sunlit forest spaces, by the very wayside, grows the deeply, vividly, exquisitely blue lupine, often so closely and in such wide-spread masses that it reminds us of the heather that drapes in purple the Scotch and Irish hills.

Che-o-way, che-o-way, che-o-way! Hark to the sweet note of the bluebird. We are near a nest, I fancy, for just such fields as this, dotted over with old stumps, are its favorite haunts. Its nest-building is as characteristic of it, and shows as much trust and courage as did its early coming. It is hereabouts, in the hollow tops of some of these blackened stumps. Go softly; we may chance upon it at any moment, for there will be no sign to indicate its place. The startled mother bird will not even fly at our approach and so reveal it. No, but cowering down, with palpitating body and fear-distended eyes, she will seek to hide her treasures. Ah, see! here she is, dear, brave, unselfish little mother, with sombre gown, so unlike her lord's gay trappings; not a stir from her except that her nerve-revealing eyes follow our every motion. Come away, and so ease her tender heart; had she but flown we might have seen the five or six light blue eggs she so zealously watches.

Do you know that that gally colored flower you have just found is an orchid? The yellow moccasin flower you thought? Well! so it is, but all the same it is one of that family which has lately had such a rise in life and become the very *kaute noblesse* of the conservatory. But unlike that of many another parvenue we cannot deny that its distinction is well merited for if not one of the loveliest it is certainly one of the most remarkable of our wild flowers. Bearing its tall stem and large, light green leaves, near this tuft of lupine, how well its beauties show, as though nature had placed it in such cunning juxtaposition in order to make it more noticeable. What a singular looking flower it is too, with its two long, slender drab-blish green sepals, and two petals that resemble nothing so much as a long screw, or a ringlet half out of curl.

Look over my left shoulder. Why? Oh! to see the new moon! Yes, she shows but like a silver thread against the pale blue of the sky. A wet moon, I think, according to the Indians' sign—one could not, "hang a powder horn" on her crescent at such a slope as that. Good-bye, girls, one need not cry good night; after such a day good night comes without wishing for.

DONNA BIANCA.

MUSIC

The great Juch-Perotti concerts have come and gone, and people are asking themselves "how good were they?" A question about as difficult to answer as was the one whether Mr. Emil Fisher, Sig. Bologna or Sig. Campanari sang the Toreador, Mephistopheles or Eric Vander Decken. This last question is hopelessly mixed as which appeared in the place of who several times. One thing is certain, and that is that Emil Fisher did not sing either the Two Grenadiers or anything else here, and that he sailed from New York on Saturday last; the management said that he was in New York too ill to travel. Now as Emil Fisher is the finest basso I have ever heard, barring Karl Formes, I was disappointed and the Toronto public lost the opportunity of hearing one who as an artist is the superior of anyone in the company.

•

To proceed to the analysis of the "how-good-news" of the company, I would say that Miss Emma is still the charming woman and painstaking artist that she always was, and her singing of the Gounod Ave Maria had the same charm it bore when I first heard her sing it five years ago. I am sorely afraid, however, that young as she is, Time is already showing the mark of his relentless hand on her beautiful voice. The old scytheman is being aided by the false judgment which drove Miss Juch into the performance of heavy, dramatic opera, especially the Wagnerian *roles* of Elsa and Senta that she has been singing for the past four seasons. For this work her voice was not fitted either by its weight or by its compass, and the result is that one of the most beautiful organs in America is wearing before our eyes.

•

As to Sig. Perotti, I do not admire his singing, nor do I care much for his high C, which to my mind is only useful when it is a part of a whole. When it is the sole recommendation of a singer, that tenor is about as interesting to me as a steeple without a church. Not that Perotti is quite as bad as that, for he is a very fair singing tenor and a great actor, but his voice has seen its best days. His Salve Dimora was sung totally without elegance or poetic feeling, and most of his work showed a labored effort. But his high C was unquestionably a splendid note, increased and diminished in tone with perfect control, but let our singers ask themselves the question—is it worth while to cultivate one artistically useless note at the expense of the rest of the voice?

•

The orchestra was the great strength of the company, and was the best we have had here for many a day. Another desk of first violins and a tuba would have improved it, especially in the Tannhæuser overture and in the Valkyries' Ride, but these are shortcomings we can readily forgive, in view of the delightful quality of tone shown by both strings and wind. The latter section especially was about as nearly perfect as we can expect to hear it. For softness, fullness, roundness and purity of tone it has never been excelled by Thomas or Damrosch in Toronto. Yet there was a lack of climax and fire under Mr. Carl Zerrahn, a lack that Father Torrington would have supplied if he could have been placed in front of these men. Of the same class of lack of fire was the performance of the Ride of the Valyries, which was too slow to begin with, and which was taken at the same strict tempo throughout. Mr. Zerrahn is undoubtedly a master of orchestral work, but he has a certain dignity of temperament which leads to placidity. Victor Herbet, on the other hand, has plenty of the mercurial side, and brought out some fine rushes of tone, though he did not keep his band together as Zerrahn. The accompaniments to the soloists throughout were delightful.

•

I was severely censured by one of the young Leipzigers, on Saturday, when I called the Liszt concerto, played by Miss Aus der Ohe, rubbish. He said it was reckoned in Germany to be one of Liszt's best pieces. I am sorry for Germany, but I cannot help considering it puerile in construction and especially in its orchestral part. Be this as it may, all must agree that Miss Aus der Ohe played it magnificently.

•

Mme. Herbert Foerster is a splendid dramatic soprano, with a voice unquestionably of the gigantic type necessary to Wagnerian work. She sang the Oberon Aria with really magnificent effect, in spite of the short and awkward phrasing which is probably the result of short breath and generous proportions. Her voice is a little worn, but it was a pleasure to hear her sing, if only because in addition to the excellences of her renditions you could hear how the big voice filled the building.

•

I am in a hopeless fog as to Bologna and Campanari, and cannot tell t'other from which. One had a pleasing baritone voice and sang well, and the other had a beautiful bass voice and sang better.

•

On Tuesday evening the Torrington orchestra gave its third and last concert of the season, before a very fairly filled hall. The audience was thoroughly sympathetic with the orchestra and soloists, and very warmly rewarded every number. Encores were sought, but not always granted, on the ground, as Mr. Torrington stated, that the programme had been so arranged as to allow an early departure from the hall. As the concert commenced at 8:15 and finished at 9:50, this object was so fully attained that it would have been unnecessary to discriminate against a lady performer in favor of Messrs. Corell and De Lima, as was done by the conductor in granting or refusing encores. The Massenet overture Le Caid and the Lohengrin Bridal Chorus were the only novelties on the programme. Of these the first has a decidedly Eastern character, quite different in barbaric noise and rhythms from the beautiful work by which we have hitherto known this composer. But it is full of light and life, and to my taste the best work of the orchestra was done on this number, in which Mr. Torrington secured a splendid climax, a result doubly welcome after the rather level performances of the Juch-Perotti orchestra. The Bridal Chorus everyone knows, and its rendition was a fair one, though the obligato passages for the wood-wind did not achieve the prominence intended for them.

•

The Coronation march, and the Rhine waltz, were played with dash and spirit; but I have heard this orchestra do better with the Sylvie fragments than it did Tuesday night. The pizzicati were over-pulled, and the sustaining parts were too loud for the strings. The accompaniments were very well played this time, and were a source of gratification alike to performers and audience. As to the proficiency of the orchestra, it might be unfair to judge by this concert, as only three rehearsals were held, an obviously insufficient number. When this fact is taken into consideration, the playing must be ranked as extremely good. In any case, the local brass section never played as well as it did on Tuesday evening, the tone throughout being soft and rich and without blare.

•

The solo attractions among the instruments were Mr. Smith, who played his fine euphonium solo, O Ruddier than the Cherry, admirably; Mr. H. L. Clarke, whose fine cornet solo was much admired, being played in thorough musicianly style; Mr. Ludwig Corell, who for the first time in my hearing gave way to faulty intonation, but who still gave a pleasing rendering of Raff's Cavatina, and as an encore Boccherini's Rondo, and Mr. De Lima, a new arrival in Toronto, who played a piccolo solo very cleverly, though the music was not of the highest class.

•

Of the vocalists, Miss Maud Burdette, although obviously suffering from a cold, sang with excellent taste and with sufficient power to show the fine resonant and sympathetic quality of her voice, and its excellent training. Her selections were Mercadante's Ah! L'estinto, and Wallace's The Winds That Waft. The latter number is one that will always suggest Miss Burdette's name to those who have had the pleasure of hearing her sing it. Mr. A. E. Dust sang very nicely, and gave a good rendering of Best of All, but was physically overweighted by the Cujus Animam, his other number.

•

Next Thursday and Friday the long looked for Gilmour will be here, with his anvils, cannon, and fine artists. Hardly less attractive will be the fine chorus of the Philharmonic Society which will take part in each concert. This combination makes possible a succession of programmes of extraordinary variety comprising overtures, operatic scenas, oratorio choruses and the most varied solo exhibitions, both vocal and instrumental. The soloists are unusually good this year, and these entertainments will be found unique beyond the possibility of repetition. When to this is added their artistic excellence, the world and his wife and family may fairly be expected to attend them.

•

On Tuesday a grand complimentary concert will be tendered to the officers and members of the Grand Lodge of the Canadian Order of Oddfellows, at which Mr. Warrington and the well-known Cosgrove family will assist.

•

Mr. G. H. Fairclough is on a wave of progress unusual in one so long. His occupancy of the organ at the Church of the Redeemer had hardly closed in view of his removal to St. Luke's, when he received the appointment at All Saints', with a handsome stipend. I have much pleasure in bearing evidence to his excellence, and hope that his promotions may always be as rapid.

METRONOM E.

The Drama.

At the Toronto Opera House this week Gowon-go Mohawk and company have been playing the Indian Mail Carrier. Go-won-go, as her name shows, is a genuine Indian maiden, who speaks English fairly, and acts as well as many of the pale faces who attempt that class of work. The play is of the chestnutty, sensational, powder-burning, dime-novel variety, relieved by the wildly-funny antics of an Irishman and a gentleman of color.

•

I hear that Ambrose J. Small, the genial and popular secretary-treasurer of the Grand Opera House, leaves next week for New York, Boston and Philadelphia. For several years his face has been familiar at the box office window, and many who have experienced his courtesy will learn with regret that the spot which has known him so long will probably know him no more, as he is about to accept the position of business manager with a prominent travelling company next season.

•

Minnie Palmer will not act again until her English tour begins. In the meantime she will rest in her elegant New York home.

•

Booth and Barrett begin their next season at Louisville Sept. 23. After that engagement Modjeska will join the company for the rest of the season.

•

Jo Emmet's engagement at the Fourteenth Street Theater, New York, is likely to extend far into the summer. The audiences are large and enthusiastic.

•

Editor (to his dramatic critic, looking at his manuscript)—Isn't your description of the star actress' dress rather low in tone?

Critic—It isn't half as low as the dress was.

•

Muttonhedde to De Bilks who considers himself a great actor:

"What! your engagement cancelled, dear boy? Why so?"

"Well, you see, the manager said I played my roles with so much fire that it wasn't safe to keep me in the theater."

•

The Brigands is the attraction at the New York Casino this summer, with Lillian Russell in the leading part. The theater is large and uncommonly well ventilated; the opera is tuneful and the story interesting; all the costumes are picturesque, and the company sing with thorough intelligence and great spirit. Then, at night, there is the continuous roof-garden concert, which lasts until midnight, and is always eagerly listened to.

•

A New York paper says: The principal attraction of Koster and Bial's during the week was pretty Millie Price, an English girl with bright blue eyes, straw-colored hair and a dainty pair of legs. She is known as a "jodler" and a dancer, but high kicking is among her most enjoyable accomplishments. She dances with the utmost grace and rare vivacity, and she kicks six inches higher than her own height, in a perfectly charming and, if the word does not seem out of place, almost decorous manner.

•

A water-walker named Oldrieve has been giving a show at one of the New York swimming schools, which scarcely comes under the definition of theatrical, yet possesses many dramatic features and has a tendency towards practical utility which is not to be sneered at. He has a troupe of female swimmers, many of them expert, and besides giving a novel and interesting entertainment these mermaids demonstrate practically various methods of resuscitating drowning persons. It is better than the ordinary tank show.

•

The engagement of Minnie Maddern and Harrison Grey Fiske, editor of the *Mirror*, is announced. The ceremony will be performed at that New York church which has been most closely identified with and patronized by the profession, and which is known as the Little Church Around the Corner. It is said that Miss Maddern will retire from the stage after her marriage, and the public thereby will lose one of the quaintest, most original and charming actresses on the road. Her new play, Featherbrain, which has never been produced in Toronto, is having a very successful run in New York.

•

Pretty Marie Jansen hasn't very much to do in Francis Wilson's new opera at the Broadway Theater, New York, but she has certainly created a sensation with her new song entitled Be Good, and a controversy is threatened over the question whether or not the song may not be too suggestive for the kind of audiences which Mr. Wilson in The Oolah has attracted since the opening night. One of the verses in the song describes how a young man caresses his sweetheart and dallies with her tresses, the tresses rhyming with caresses, of course, and the young girl thus tenderly treated remonstrates with him and insists that he must "be good." And Miss Jansen utters the phrase with a subtle and humorous suggestiveness that gives to it its fullest possible significance.

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Cecil Clay, the exceedingly tall and English husband of the charming Rosina Vokes, was complaining about the towns embraced in what is known as the "Crawford circuit." He pronounced them very bad, and said:

"In one place we went to the theater and found only the cornet player in the orchestra. After waiting a while I asked where the other musicians were.

"'Oh, they're playing up at the ball,' he replied.

"I then asked if he was to play for us all alone, and he informed me that such was the fact.

"'Well,' said I, 'you must be a great cornet player—you must be the greatest in the world in your line.'

"He fingered the keys of his instrument, looked at me a moment, and then said:

"'Oh, no, I'm not much of a cornet player; if I was worth a —— I'd be playing up at the ball, too.'"

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The burning question which is now agitating the female stars of the stage, says New York *Truth*, is whether it is not easier to support a husband than to hire a leading man. Our conspicuous actresses do not think that marriage is a failure, and have undertaken to settle this matter in a very practical way. If they get a good leading man they marry him. That saves a salary. This method used to be carried out in New England with hired help, the farmer generally marrying his cook or his chambermaid, to save fourteen dollars a month. Its application to the stage shows to what practical depths art has descended. Miss Fanny Davenport, who is an expert in this matter, has announced with authority that she finds it much cheaper to marry than to hire; and I dare say the method will now be adopted by most of our leading women who intend to star, and the advice of the dramatic manager will be, "Pick out your husband, and get your printing."

Not Up in the Queen's English.

American (in London store)—I wish to buy a pair of suspenders.

Shopkeeper—Never heard of such a thing, sir.

American—Isn't this a gentleman's furnishing store?

Shopkeeper—No, sir; this is a haberdashery and dress supply shop, sir.

American retires staggered.

This, Too, Is Vanity.

For Saturday Night.

"What profit hath a man of all his labor which he taketh under the sun?"—*King Solomon.*

This sad world is full of worry,
From of old!
Helter, shelter—hurry, scurry,
After gold!
Human life is one fierce struggle
To be rich:
From the king to them who juggle
In the ditch.

Digging, delving, plodding, scheming
All the while:
In the daytime, night-time—dreaming
Of our pile.
Every righteous hope forsaking—
Just for luck;
Or, like Bunyan's Uncrowned, raking
In the muck.

What have we for all our broiling
'Neath the sun,
For our striving and our toiling,
When 'tis done?
Just the same as any fakir,
Now abroad—
Two by six in God's lone acre
'Neath the sod.

Sordid gain is chiefest treasure—
So we think;
But we scarcely taste its pleasure
Ere we sink
Out of sight and out of hearing—
In our pride—
Like a pebble disappearing
In the tide.

Each poor human Shylock gathers
At the gold,
Till the neighbors—with his fathers,
Neath the mold—
Put away the faded mortal
From the light,
In below the green sward portal
Out of sight.

Then some worthless fellow scatters
All his gains,
And himself—in rags and tatters,
Full of pains—
Dies a pauper and a debtor,
And forlorn:
Proving—both of them had better
Not been born.

How we miss the good, provided
By the Lord,
When our actions are not guided
By his word!
For the things of Passion's choosing,
Valued most,
Do but perish in the using,
And are lost.

When the body fades and crumbles
Into dust,
How this sordid living humbles
Human trust!
Then the hopes, that—conscience smitten—
Drool their dole,
See the wrongs we did, all written
On the soul.

There is really no escaping,
Nor rebate;
Every word and deed is shaping
Human fate.
If these be in God's good measure,
True and wise,
We shall have eternal treasure
In the skies.

The Elms, Toronto. LLEWELLYN A. MORRISON.

A Hidden Sorrow.

For Saturday Night.

"*Ja Ich bin elend und Ich grolle nicht.*"—*Heine.*

Yes, I am wretched, yet I murmur not
For since in pain we both must draw our breath,
Since to be wretched is our fated lot
May our sad hearts, O Love, soon break in death.

In dreams I see thy lips with scorn compressed,
I see defiance light thy flashing eye,
I see the wave of pride that heaves thy breast
Yet know that thou art wretched—even as I.

For round those lips an unseen tremor glides,
And hidden tears bedim those eyes of thine;
Thy proud heart cherishes the wound it hides;
Yes! ours it is to sorrow and to pine.

I murmur not, my own lost love, although,
My heart is breaking. Wroth I am not, nay!
For all thou dost in jewels blaze, no glow
Of light into thy heart's night finds its way.

ELEUTHEROS.

Joys of the Soul.

"Know'st thou the excellent joys of youth?
Joys of the dear companion and of the merry word and laughing face?
Joy of the glad light-beaming day, joy of the wide-breathed games?
Joy of sweet music, joy of the lighted ball-room and the dancers?
. . . . . .
Yet O, my soul supreme!
Know's thou the joys of pensive thought?
Joys of the free and lonesome heart, the tender, gloomy heart?
Joys of the solitary walk, the spirit bowed yet proud, the suffering and the struggle?
The agnostic throes, the ecstasies, joys of the solemn musing day or night?
Joys of the thought of death, the spheres, time and space?
Prophetic joys of better, loftier love's ideals, the divine wife, the sweet, eternal, perfect comrades?
Joys all thine own, undying one; joys worthy thee, O soul!"

WALT. WHITMAN.

My Lady Playing.

She swept the keys with supen fingers,
And drove the nervous strain along;
Still in my mind the music lingers,
Sweet as the bard's unuttered song.

Then changed it to an icy pealing:
Cold as the player was the tone
That came upon my spirit stealing,
Until I felt I was alone.

Once more it changed. So low and tender,
Throbbing with love, the music sighed,
My arm around her waist so slender
Unconsciously began to glide.

On went the strain, still more beguiling,
A ditty of the golden age;
Just then her head she lifted, smiling,
And said: "Will you please turn the page?"

Noted People.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps is still in very poor health and does but little literary work.

Gen. Lloyd S. Bryce will succeed Allen Thorndike Rice as editor of the *North American Review*.

Robert Louis Stevenson intends to return to the South Seas from Honolulu in a steamer which he has hired for a year. He will visit Samoa and the Gilbert, Caroline, Marshall and Tonga Islands to gather ideas for a new novel.

Minna Irving, the Haunted Heart poetess, began to publish verse in the country papers when she was only thirteen, and made her literary debut in New York two years later, when she contributed her first poem to the *Century*, then *Scribner's*.

The editor of London *Punch* picks up a good deal in the park. Some of his choicest of happy thoughts come from there. He pokes about among mashers, loquacious old gentleman and ladies, with a preoccupied air. Then he takes a back seat and makes a note or two in a little book he keeps in his waistcoat pocket. There's no end of material for satirists and humorists in the park.

There is a curious precept laid down as one of the traditions of the house of Harper Bros., in effect that sons of the members of the firm who hope to succeed to the name shall first honorably complete a collegiate course, and then, beginning at the humblest line of employment in the publishing concern, work their way upward through a regular course of apprenticeship. Mr. William Armitage Harper has fulfilled both of these conditions, and his influence in the world of letters will some day be felt.

Lady Florence Dixie's little house by the Thames, at Windsor, England, is very small; in fact, the stables in which she keeps a number of little ponies are quite twice as large as the house and are very beautifully built. They cost Lady Florence Dixie more than she could conveniently afford, so she sent round to ask her friends to help her to meet the expense. Inside the stables have just been placed two marble tablets, one black and one white. On the white one the names of the friends who subscribed are engraved, while on the black one appear those of friends who did not subscribe. Lady Florence keeps about fifty dogs. She is regarded as one of the curiosities of English high life, and on one occasion she was deliberately rude to the Queen.

Miss Braddon considers it a matter of duty to work so much every day. Her actual plan of story thinking varies, but much of her fiction is founded upon fact. She works her own personal experiences in travel into her books, and occasionally uses real incidents, though the plot is her own, and often revels itself out to her as she proceeds with her story. All things that she has done herself, or met with, or been particularly interested in, from a ride on a switchback to a shock of earthquake at Cannes, are treasured up to be described realistically in one or other popular novel. Miss Braddon has a lovely place at Richmond, bought with money earned by her own pen. She spends much of her time abroad, an! also spends some months in each year at another charming residence in the New Forest.

A Southern girl and writer spent a few weeks in Washington during the gay season—Miss Virginia Stuart Mosby, daughter of the famous ex-confederate colonel. She is a pretty girl, with unusually perfect features and a complexion that is simply marvellous. Sunny, wavy hair falls around her artistic head, and her winning manners and bright conversation won her many friends and admirers. When asked about her work and what she was doing, she said: "I am doing nothing. Luncheons, teas and dances have chased all literary thoughts away, and I have forgotten what a pen looks like." "Are you never going to resume your work?" was then asked. "Oh, yes. Once this dazzling world of society is over, I'll seek some quiet spot, gather up my scattered thoughts and commence weaving war romances again." Miss Mosby has gone home now, and it will not be long before the public will have some bright stories from her pen.

That shining example of brilliant eccentricity, Mrs. Gertrude Atherton, is already tired of Paris. Society bores her, shops fatigue her, people do not appeal to her interest and she yearns for an experience. That the one she has chosen will be a surprise to anybody who has endured the torrid atmosphere of Hernia Suydam cannot be doubted. There are to be no more journeyings through literary tropics, where Mrs. Atherton is the guide—for from within the cool, chaste and quiet walls of a convent is her next novel to be sent out to the world. At Boulogne-sur-Mer, in an old castle, lives a community of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart. Their convent, picturesque in situation, set as it is in a beautiful garden and overlooking the sea, has all the romantic attributes whose description has awakened in impulsive young women a desire for the religious life. It is, moreover, rich in works of art; its rules are not austere; its occupants are women of birth and breeding, and it is the chosen home of the titled Roman Catholics of England when they make a retreat. Mrs. Atherton fortunately possesses influence, and through its aid has secured the *entree* to this exclusive and sacred establishment. While there, she proposes to write a pastoral, which shall take its color from her surroundings. A contrast to her former work seems now to be her chief ambition. The question which naturally arises is: Could the same mind that conceived "The Decameron" have written "The Pilgrim's Progress?"

The Earl of Chesterfield, now visiting America, is considered the best looking man in all England and before coming into his title was known as "Beauty Stanhope." His tall, commanding figure and intensely aristocratic air thoroughly awed even the bell boys at the Brevoort House, New York, where he stopped, and bell boys are, as a rule, far beyond being awe-struck under the most extraordinary circumstances. Lord Chesterfield is a descendant of that urbane gentleman whose manners have become proverbial. Alas, though he succeeds to the "manners," he has not succeeded to the estates, which have passed to the wife of the cousin of the present holder of the Earldom. In consequence of this his face is, to all intents and purposes, his fortune. Nevertheless owns the show place known as Holme Lacy in Herefordshire, which is one of the most beautiful spots in England, the gardens especially being simply superb. As it is rented, the present owner is relieved of what would otherwise be an income, rather than a benefit. An ardent admirer of all pretty women, he considers Lady Mandeville, Mrs. Bradley Martin and *surtout* Mrs. Paget, three of the prettiest Americans in London, and is frequently seen at their houses. It was at one time reported that he was engaged to Miss Garner, the daughter and heiress of the ill-fated owner of the yacht Mohawk, but the engagement has since been vigorously denied by both parties and their kinsfolk, among whom are the Lawrences, the Garner girl's trustees and guardians.

Art and Artists.

There seems to be a healthy indication of life in our little body artistic at the present time, which I trust is genuine and not the contortions of a corpse under the influence of a battery. During the past few weeks the daily papers have devoted a generous share of their space to art matters and praised the work exhibited to the verge of indiscretion.

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Indiscriminate praise, bestowed after the most cursory glance at the pictures, is neither satisfactory to the public nor just to the profession. It places their work on a par with unimportant church bazaars and charity concerts which are often "written up" in a laudatory fashion without being attended by the writer. If the critics are just, even if severe, and judge according to their knowledge, the results of their work will be more beneficial to all concerned. The artist that cannot bear criticism should throw away the brush and take to some other calling. In reading the English papers on the Royal Academy exhibition one finds a many different opinions concerning certain paintings as there are papers. Yet each critic seems thoroughly in earnest whether he praises or finds fault, and art certainly does not suffer by their outspoken remarks. A vigorous art will never be reared on sweetmeats.

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On Monday evening the annual exhibition of the Ontario Art Schools, Mechanics' Institutes and High Schools was opened at the Education Department by Hon. G. W. Ross. The work had previously been inspected by judges, and the prize winners, the majority of whom were ladies, received their medals and certificates that evening. A goodly audience was present to witness the presentation. The medals were presented by Mrs. Mowat, and on the platform with her were Hon. G. W. and Mrs. Ross, Hon. G. W. Allan and Dr. S. P. May. Miss Morgan and Mr. Sims Richards gave several choice selections of music, and speeches were delivered by the Minister of Education, Hon. G. W. Allan and Dr. May. An important incident was the reading of a letter from the Lieutenant-Governor expressing regret that his remarks at the opening of the Ontario Society's exhibition had given so much offence to the members of that body and stating that he only intended to suggest that "there were doubts whether the country was yet far enough advanced in wealth and population and love of art to afford a sufficiently liberal and generous support to the higher forms of art apart from all connection with industrial pursuits."

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Much of the work on the walls exhibits those startling creations inseparable from exhibitions of students' work, but, on the other hand, there are many which exhibit careful and painstaking effort in the right direction. Many of the drawings from the antique are good, as are also the mechanical drawings. Some of the designs for wallpaper, etc., are excellent. It is in painting that one usually finds the worst specimen of novitiate work; yet even here are found some very creditable bits of work in fruit, flowers, etc. The exhibit is well worth seeing.

VAN.

The Witching Hour.

Snow for hours had blown and drifted,
And the wrack went scudding by;
Spectrally the branches lifted
Naked arms against the sky;
What cared we though winds made moan,
In the witching twilight sitting
All alone?

She within a rocker cosy,
I upon a hassock low,
Watching o'er her face the rosy
Cupid dimples come and go;
For the lover firelight heightened
Every blush with ardor bold,
And her locks of brown were brightened
Into gold.

Like the fabulous Jack Horner,
Of the merry nursery page,
Gleeful from a dusky corner
Grinned an idol gray with age;
And methought his dark lips muttered
What I longed to there avow:
"Tell her!" were the words he uttered,
"Tell her now!"

Then there fell a silence sweeter
Than when air is stirred with song;
Than when strains in mellow metre
Swing with rhythmic sweep along;
In her eyes a look beguiling
Bade me not to break the spell;
Something told me in her smiling
All was well.

Slowly grew the firelight dimmer,
Till the angles of the room,
Lighted by no ruddy glimmer,
Melted in the shrouding gloom;
And not e'en the ancient idol
Saw Love's apotheosis,
Or the presage of a bridal
In a kiss.

She Will Pay Him Back Yet.

The New York *Sun* says: One of the best things the 400 have got hold of in a long while is a story about a beautiful little girl from the West, who has been going about here with great success for a few weeks. Being by far the loveliest creature in sight wherever she moves, her eccentricity of dress or of manner has not detracted from her popular triumph, and I imagine she has had more first-rate proposals than any home-grown bud of the season. The story told of her is a true one. A playful young man had given to her, by her own request, some information concerning the latest points in social metropolitan etiquette, a matter upon which she frankly confessed practical ignorance. The young man, in mentioning certain manners observed at table, laid particular stress on the statement that every one of refinement here invariably used a fork instead of a spoon for eating. Of course she had heard of eating ice cream with a fork, but when the young man assured her that the latest indication of good manners was the eating of soup with a fork, she was slightly staggered, and gazed at her informant with wide-eyed wonder. That evening she attended a dinner party. When the soup was brought she looked doubtfully around the table. The young man who had told her about the use of the fork nodded reassuringly at her and began dipping up his soup with his own fork to show her that it was entirely correct. She accordingly tried to copy him, but the result made her hesitate again. Glancing about she saw that every one else at the table was using a spoon. She immediately dropped her fork, blushed as red as a rose, and proceeded to eat her soup in the customary way. She wouldn't look at the young man again, and it is said that she cuts him persistently, but it was such a good story that it couldn't be kept, and now every one is smiling over it. But it has rather increased the prestige of the young lady, and I have heard many a man say that a girl so simple and confiding would be a prize in these days when girls pride themselves upon being able to learn nothing. However this may be, the maiden will not return home as free as she came; and it is the young man who cheated her about the fork who will keep her innocent heart. She cut him after his awful joke, but decided to keep the pieces.

Growing Old.

Some of the professional beauties are beginning to sing, "Darling, I am Growing Old! Do you know that it is the saddest moment in a woman's life when, standing before the glass, it suddenly dawns on her that the youth to which she had been clinging, is going; that where there were dimples, there is too great fat; that where there was slenderness, there is scragginess; that the eyes are going back and have lost their lustre, and that youth, the very gold frame of beauty, is disappearing.

De Goncourt, in that wonderful play, Henriette Marechal, makes his heroine stand in front of her mirror and say, "Ah, I look every hour of my age to-day."

Arnould-Plessy used to say these words in a slow way, as if she were ringing out her funeral knell; as if she were tolling the bell at the funeral of departed youth. She made women feel the terror of this; beautiful women shuddered; lovely actresses seemed to hear her say, "abdicate!" Do not wait till you are pushed off by the coming beauty, but really be a queen and resign your crown.

But, alas, they never do it.

The time goes on and on, the beauty flatters herself that everyone else does not see the story which is mirrored forth to her, and so she waits and waits, and is eventually pushed aside and undergoes horrors a thousand times worse than death.

My dear, that is the one advantage of not being a beautiful woman. Beauty is a wonderful gift, but it goes, and it seldom leaves behind it aught but selfishness and disappointment. Be thankful, therefore, that you are not a professional beauty, for the unhappy day will not come to you; be satisfied when you look in the glass if there comes back a face that mirrors in it womanliness, kind-heartedness and unselfishness. Be glad if the eyes looking out at you are clear, because they do not show a continual fear of rivalry in looks, a never-ending worry as to whether you are at your best in appearance, or a regret for the past and no hope for the future.

The woman who is not beautiful has her day, for there comes a time when more is thought of the beauty of the heart and less of that which is merely a reflection.—*New York Mirror.*

He Escaped.

He looked exactly like a man who knew what he wanted, and had the money to pay for it, as he entered a Sixth avenue hardware store and confidently remarked:

"Being I had to come in on other business I thought I might as well take a carpet sweeper home with me. You have all kinds and prices, I suppose?"

"No, sir, we do not deal in them. You'll have to go to the carpet stores."

"Don't keep carpet sweepers?"

"No sir."

"Why they are right in your line."

"Beg pardon, sir, but they belong to the carpet trade."

"Never saw one in a carpet store in my life."

"Can't help it, sir," said the clerk.

The man walked slowly on for half a square and turned into another hardware store. This time he wasn't so sure what he wanted.

"I want to see some carpet sweepers," he said, to the first clerk who came forward.

"Don't keep 'em," was the brusque reply.

"Well, that's funny. I've always seen them at hardware stores."

"They may keep 'em in some country town, but we couldn't sell 'em here. Carpet store on the next square."

The man tried a third hardware store with no better success. Indeed, when he stated his convictions that no first-class carpet house ever dealt in carpet sweepers, the clerk said:

"Better let it go and hang to the broom. You probably wouldn't know how to work one anyhow!"

Then the man moved on to a carpet house. There were fifty carpet sweepers artistically grouped around the door, and he stood in the midst of them and inquired:

"Got any carpet sweepers?"

"Certainly, sir—fifteen different patents. Do you prefer any particular make? Here is the latest patent."

"Do you call that a carpet sweeper?" loudly demanded the man.

"Of course, I do. Don't you?"

"And I can mow my lawn with that?"

"No, sir. A carpet sweeper is to sweep carpets, and lawns are cut with lawn mowers."

"Say!" whispered the stranger, as he advanced and dropped his voice to a whisper, "have you a fool killer in this store?"

"Not at present."

"Is your kicker around?"

"Not to-day."

"Well, I'll go out and let an ash cart run over me or trade myself off for old junk, for I'm the biggest idiot in the State of New York! I wanted a lawn mower, and this is the fourth place I've struck for a carpet sweeper. So long, old boy; it's fair laugh. Good-by. See you when I want a grindstone."—*N. Y. Sun.*

A Cure for Love.

(Written expressly for one of our ladies.)

Take a grain of sense, half a grain of patience, one drachm of understanding, one ounce of disdain, a pound of resolution, and a handful of dislike, mix them together and fold them up in the limbo of your brain for twenty-four hours. Strain it clean from melancholy, stop it down with the cork of sound judgment and let it stand nine days in the water of cold affection. This rightly made is the most effectual cure in the world. You may obtain it at the house of understanding, in Content street, going up the hill of Self Denial, county of Forgetfulness in the Province of Peace.—*Ex.*

He Fully Realized.

Omaha Mother—Do you realize the magnitude of the step you are taking in wedding my daughter?

Omaha Youth—Yes; she has told me that you will visit us frequently, and that you are irritable when you do not feel well, but I will let nothing earthly or satanic come between her and myself.

After the Exam.

Business Man—Ah! there's a peculiar charm about a student's life. How I wish I had studied!

Student (sighing)—So do I!

Comic Clippings.

Proser—I am greatly worried about my eldest boy. I don't know what he is suitable for.

Knowsie—Why not make an auctioneer of him? He's so clumsy he knocks down everything he comes across.

Freeleigh—Why don't you get your wife to learn the violin?

Henpect—She wouldn't do it. While she was playing, you know, she would have to rest her chin.

Codby—I wonder why 'tis that rakish young men are so fond of oysters?

Jothy—Perhaps the oysters themselves have a fondness for rakes; they are brought up with them.

Querious—I understand there has been quite a boom for billiards up in Canada.

Quickman—Yes, there is a colony of experts at safe-draw and bank shots sojourning there at present.

Mollie—I wonder why Polly always wears yellow stockings!

Dolly—Ah! she knows men worship the golden calf.

Miss Oldegurl—I was told last night that my complexion was like a peach.

Miss Caustique—A preserved one, I presume.

"Does the captain say whether we shall break the record or not?" "Yes. He says that the record or the boiler must go." "How lovely!"

"What's the matter?" the school-mistress asked. "Back's sore, ma'am." "What made it sore?" "Pop pounded his thumb with his hatchet this mornin', and I laughed."

Bacteria are now said to lurk in paper money. Scarcity has been the most prevalent money affliction for some years past. A change in affliction is often desirable.

Sister Theysay—I grievously regret you are to leave our church, dear pastor. Pastor Peaceful—You should not grieve. No doubt the Lord will send you a better servant to fill my place. Sister T.—I have no such hope. Of the last thirteen pastors we have had every one has been worse than the other.

Tommy—Say, paw, I thought you said people could see farther as they got older.

Paw—Yes.

Tommy—Well, say, paw, if that is so what makes so many old men always get in the front row at the show?

Paw—Oh, shut up!

Mr. Newlywed—What in the world induces a woman to carry her pocketbook in her hand?

Mrs. Newlywed—Because in these days when a man asks a girl for her hand he is apt to be decided by the amount she has in it.

Physician—You see your son is feverish, madam. Notice the coating on his tongue.

Mrs. Anxious—I don't see any coating on his tongue; but I see an ulster in his throat, and his pants are dreadful short.

"A taste for astronomy," says a writer, "is springing up among young people of both sexes." It always does as soon as the season permits sitting in the garden by moonlight.

Tom and Arthur have been rude to their mamma. Mamma has complained to papa, who is heard coming up stairs.

Arthur—I say, Tom, here comes papa; I shall pretend to be asleep.

Tom—I shan't; I shall get up and put something on!

Mrs. Walworthy—Henry, why don't you write some of those funny things one would rather have his wife unsaid for the paper?

Mr. Walworthy—I can't think of any—excepting, of course, the time I proposed.

"King Milan is fearfully short of money and utterly without credit."

When Brokeley read this he thrust both hands into his pockets up to the wrists, and exclaimed melodramatically:

"Now I know what it is to feel like a king!"

A young lady (hesitating for a word in describing a rejected suitor)—He is not a tyrant, not exactly domineering, but——

"Dogmatic," suggested her friend.

"No, he has not dignity enough for that. I think pupmatic would convey my meaning admirably."

"No, William," she said coldly, with a side-long glance to note the effect of her words, "I cannot be your wife. You smoke and you sometimes drink. I have registered a vow not to marry a man who has either of these vices."

"All right, Maria," was the humble reply. "And now will you please ask your younger sister Lulu to come downstairs a moment? She said when she kissed me good-bye last night that she would gladly have me if you refused."

Tableaux Vivants.

"RUTH IN THE CORNFIELD."

"EDITHA'S BURGLAR."

Lord Elwyn's Daughter

OUR "FAMILY HERALD" SERIES. ALL RIGHTS RESEARVED.

CHAPTER XI.

Save for the little flush of triumph and pleasure which Kathleen's first day's hunting brought her, she reaped very little benefit from her prowess and her courage.

As far as the ladies of Clortell Towers went, it would have been better for her perhaps had she ridden less straight to hounds and left the stopping of Miss Maitland's runaway horse to other hands, and that damsel herself to the almost certain chance of a fracture of the skull. Lucille Maitland had not loved Lord Elwyn's daughter before; but she positively hated her now. To begin with, she absolutely and utterly refused to own that she owed her anything at all.

"Saved my life!" she exclaimed indignantly, in answer to Sir Adrian's repeated entreaties that she would go through some form, however cold, of expressing her gratitude to the girl who had rescued her. "What perfect nonsense! Any ploughboy boy passing by could have done the same thing! You talk as if the girl were a heroine!"

"And so she is, Lucille. What she did was not only splendidly plucky—it was absolutely heroic, because she ran a considerable risk herself. She might have been pulled off her own horse, or the horses might have come into collision—in which case, at the pace you were going, she might have been thrown between them and been trampled upon."

"Oh, of course in your eyes a simple action becomes magnified into something extraordinary simply because she did it!" replied the beauty, with a petulant shrug of the shoulders.

Adrian reddened and bit his lip. He was getting accustomed to these jealous reproaches, and, alas, he knew too well how much truth underlay all that she cast in his teeth to venture upon defending himself from her imputations!

What chiefly angered and exasperated Miss Maitland was that, after she had called Sunbeam by every opprobrious epithet which could be showered upon a horse—after declaring that he was vicious, bad-tempered, with no mouth and less manners, and that he was in short, quite unsafe for any lady to ride—Kathleen rode him to hounds two days later, escorted by the attentive Colonel, who had now come to stay in the house, and returned home, after having enjoyed an excellent day's sport, with the report that Sunbeam had gone like a lamb, was remarkably temperate, and amenable, and that on the whole she thought she preferred him to Prince.

"She says it on purpose to madden me!" cried Lucille, clenching her fists, as Kathleen, who had been relating her experiences of the day to the two ladies in her step-mother's boudoir, rose, after putting down her tea-cup, to go and take off her habit. "I don't believe it is true that she likes that brute of a horse!"

"Very likely not. What does it matter, my darling?" replied her ever-indulgent aunt. "Do not let it worry you. I think we shall soon get rid of her. Alfred is really devoted, and your uncle has told me he will give his consent; only we must be careful this time, and not frighten her.

"Oh, that is all very fine for you, aunt! But I don't care a bit if she marries or no—I shall be married myself in a month! I don't care now if she marries Colonel Elwyn; I don't want to get rid of her."

"Ah, but I do, my dear!"

"Well, that is your affair, aunt. What I should like to do is to disgrace her—to get her into some horrible trouble with uncle—to find out something shameful that would set Adrian against her! Oh, if I only could!" and Lucille lapsed into sudden silence, resting her cheek upon her taper fingers, on which the diamonds flashed and glittered in the firelight, and knitting her brows in anxious thought.

Why was there nothing to find out about this girl? she thought. Why could she not discover some lowly born, who had been brought up herself in a farm-house amongst common farmers—surely there must be something against her! It is true, if only one could be clever enough to find it out!

"Every woman has a past," argued Lucille to herself. "Why, if they took the trouble to ferret out things about me, they might make some inconvenient discoveries!" she added, with a little grim amusement. "And I have been decently brought up!"

The idea pleased her. To disgrace Kathleen and bring her into some shame or difficulty presented attractive features to her imagination. She mused upon it day and night, and, in addition, she set herself to watch her.

Christmas and its festivities were now at hand. Lord Elwyn was better, and about again; the Castle was to be filled with guests, and on New Year's Eve there was to be a ball in honor of Miss Elwyn.

"It will be Kathleen's formal coming out," said Lord Elwyn to his wife. "It is right and fitting that she should be properly introduced to my friends—she is my heiress and my only child; I will give a ball. See, my dear, that everything is done in the very best style; let no expense be spared, and let everybody be invited."

The ladies Lady Elwyn relished anything that was to be done in her step-daughter's honor, she was woman enough to enjoy the idea of organising and superintending an entertainment in her own house for whatever reason it was to be given.

Owing to the death of her son and the long subsequent mourning, and then the Lord Elwyn's failing health and strength, it was many years since any festivity on a large scale had been held within the walls of Clortell Towers.

Everybody was delighted at the prospect. The whole county was thrown into a very paroxysm of joy and excitement when one fine morning's post delivered over two hundred invitation-cards broadcast over an area of twenty miles. What telegrams flew up to London to Mesdames Celeste and Dentelle! What expeditions there were into Clorchester to match laces and ribbons; and what a panic of hats and bonnets descended upon the Misses Holditch, the principal dressmakers and milliners of that humdrum and slightly dead-alive country town!

For the time, too, all within the house worked well and harmoniously. Lady Elwyn was too busy with guests and preparations to pay much attention to Kathleen, and Lucille was too much taken up with the dress she was going to wear, and with certain other plans of her own, to be vindictive. She had watched her rival in vain for some days, and, having as yet found not the tiniest speck or flaw in the candid innocence of her life, had decided to bide her time and to let things alone for the present.

As to Kathleen, she flung herself into the turmoil of preparation with an ardor which was almost too fervent to be altogether natural. She was very young, and she had never been at a ball in her life. On New Year's Eve she would be the queen in her father's house; she was to be arrayed in the most beautiful dress she had ever possessed, and she would dance the whole evening.

"It will be delightful—delightful!" she kept on saying to herself, often saying it aloud so that she might be the more thoroughly convinced of it. "I am the happiest girl in the whole world!"

But, although she said it so often, she knew it was not true. Kathleen in these days was fighting a very hard battle with herself, and her fighting was not always perfectly successful. For two days running, for instance, she would assure herself of her own supreme happiness much after this fashion:

"I have a kind and indulgent father, who gives me everything I can possibly want; I am allowed to gratify all my fastes and fancies. It is true that Lucille is disagreeable and my step-mother cold; but then I get on with them better than I did formerly; and the house is so large, I can easily keep out of their way. Then Colonel Elwyn is kind; and other people—strangers—are all nice to me; and—and so is Adrian!" And then she would pull herself together bravely and say: "And so is Sir Adrian—the kindest and best of friends; and I hope he will be happy all his life—God bless him!"

But after all this there would come a reaction, and sometimes, lying on her bed alone in the darkness, Kathleen would cry aloud in her misery:

"Oh, I love him—I love him! I know that it is a sin to love another woman's lover; and, if my love is sin, then I am the wickedest wretch on the face of the earth, for I can't help it; it is stronger than I am, and I cannot—cannot fight it down!" and hot blinding tears that burnt like fire would drop one by one upon her pillow.

What Adrian felt in those days was past guessing. Perhaps he too was fighting hard—perhaps he was callous and resigned to the worst—or perhaps honor and faith had stamped out love and longing and passion in his heart, and they were dead. Anyhow, he made no sign. He was always gentle and kind in his manner to Kathleen, and sometimes his eyes rested upon her with a strange light of tenderness and approval in them. But for the most part he spoke to her but little, and that always before other people, and he very decidedly kept out of her way.

He and Colonel Elwyn went out shooting together a great deal. Just at Christmas there came a frost, and hunting was stopped; so the gentlemen went after the pheasants instead. Then came the house party of guests—Lord and Lady De la Braille, their two daughters, and Major De la Braille, the M. F. H., who was the second son. The Misses De la Braille were very fashionable young ladies, up in all the latest scandal and gossip, and were reckoned as very dear friends of Miss Maitland's. There were also Mrs. Bracy and her daughter, a gushing young thing who quoted poetry and sang De Lafa's songs in a quavering soprano; a young married couple who flirted outrageously—not with each other, but with other people; and a selection of bachelors, invited to shoot, dance, and make themselves generally agreeable to the ladies; and last, but by no means least in the estimation of one person, a gentleman who answered to the name of Laurence Doyle, who arrived late, with portmanteaus and gun case, one evening just before the ball.

"You had far better not have him, Lucille," had counselled her aunt, when this gentleman's invitation was under discussion. "You know Adrian does not care about him, and there might be trouble—you got talked about with him at Scarborough last summer, you know. You had really better be careful, if it were to come to Adrian's ears."

"My dear aunt, what nonsense! It was nothing but the very mildest flirtation. And, if Adrian were jealous, it would be a very good thing, I am sure. Why shouldn't I have Laurie here? He is an old friend of mine, and waltzes divinely."

And so Mr. Laurence Doyle arrived, and put his handsome curly head unhesitatingly upon the lion's mouth. He was a very handsome young man; he had curly brown hair and mutting whiskers, and a tiny mustache waxed up over the prettiest little mouth imaginable; he played the banjo and sang tenor songs; he danced well, and shot indifferently; he dressed remarkably well, and wore little stock of small-talk always on hand; and he had perhaps the very smallest modicum of brains that any good-looking young man was ever encumbered with.

For many years this young gentleman—who was a younger son and much hampered by debts and duns—had been so to speak, employing his leisure moments in sighing for the moon—*i.e.*, he desired that which was hopeless out of his reach, and was not brave enough to persevere in his fruitless efforts to get it. He knew he could not marry Lucille Maitland, not only because he had no money himself, but because she was too high-minded to wish to marry him, and had told him so over and over again. If Sir Adrian Deverell had no existence, she assured him repeatedly and brutally, she would still never become the wife of Laurence Doyle; and yet he kept near the candle still, and fed upon the scraps which, arrant coquette as she was, it amused her to bestow upon him.

Kathleen was coming slowly down the large central staircase that evening, dressed for dinner in a pale-blue gauze dress, with pearls about her white throat and a blush-rose fastened in her bosom. She came slowly because she was buttoning one of her gloves as she descended, and she was so intent upon the little buttons upon her wrist that it was only when she was half-way down-stairs that she became suddenly aware that she was intruding upon a scene which scarcely demanded the presence of a third person.

In the inner hall below her a man and a woman were standing together, so closely absorbed in each other that they were evidently unaware of her approach on the scene. The man's back was turned to her, and she could see only a very well-fitting dress-coat and the top of a bent curly brown head; but there was no mistaking Lucille's very fair face, even if Kathleen had not been well acquainted with her yellow-satin dinner-gown sewn with fine laces and little seed-pearls down the front.

She stood still, shocked and horrified beyond expression; for she beheld something which made her heart grow faint and cold within her. There it was, unmistakable and real—the fair ful white arm bare to the shoulder, moulded as perfectly as a sculptor's model, with blue veins wandering faintly about the creamy flesh, and a rosy dimple at the curved elbow—with a diamond bracelet clasped about it that flashed forth strange star-like gleams in the subdued lamplight; and this arm, this lovely thing over which a poet might have raved, this wonder of whiteness and beauty, was cast upwards and wound closely round the brown head and the white-collared throat of the young gentleman whose back was to the staircase.

Kathleen's first impulse was flight. Whither and how could she escape from this sight, which was a revelation of evil to her, and which meant disgrace to Lucille and dishonor to Sir Adrian Deverell? They had not seen her yet; she had dressed unusually early, and so apparently had the couple before her. No doubt they had met there by appointment, judging that at this hour every one would be dressing for dinner, and that the inner hall, which led into a conservatory and was clearly an approach to the dining-room, would be as secure a place as any from the intrusion of a passing footman or housemaid.

Kathleen stood stock still for several terrible seconds, which seemed like hours to her. To proceed down-stairs was clearly an impossibility—there was nothing for her but retreat. She turned and fled up the stairs, holding back her dress with both hands so that she might not be heard; but, for all her care, there came a soft "swish, swish" of her silken draperies against the white marble of the steps just as she reached the upper landing, and Lucille Maitland, hearing the distant rustle, looked up, and not only saw Kathleen's light figure flying up the staircase, but caught a backward glance from the scared dark eyes that were looking down at her.

"Great heavens, she has seen us!" she cried, white to the very lips with the shock of the discovery, and pushing her companion violently away from her.

"She! Who is she?" inquired the young man airily.

"That horrible girl—Kathleen Elwyn! She has been watching us—playing the spy! She hates me; and now I am in her power!"—and Lucille wrung her hands together in helpless dismay.

Mr. Laurence Doyle gave utterance to a subdued whistle from between his pursed-up lips.

"Whist a kettle of fish!" he ejaculated. "Will she split?" He did not seem to be deeply agitated.

Lucille turned on him like a fury.

"Oh, it's all very well for you, Laurie! Of course you don't care a scrap You are so selfish, you don't think about me! Think what it will be to me if she tells Sir Adrian what she has seen and perhaps heard! Why, it would be utter ruin to me!"

"I really don't see that at all, my darling. You know you don't care a hang for Sir Adrian; and you are always telling me how much you love me. Why on earth can't you take the thing come out, and check him over and stick to me!"

"Haven't I told you over and over again, you donkey, that I must marry Adrian, and that I would never, never marry you!"

"But yet you say you love me, Lucille!"

"So I do, Laurie; and, if you are good and patient, I will go on loving you always. We shall soon be married and have a house of my own to ask you to; and you shall come and stay with me for weeks at a time. Adrian will be always out hunting or shooting or fishing after the place; and we shall have a lovely time together, and no end of fun. You've only got to be patient a little bit longer, and then I shall be able to do as I like."

Mr. Laurence Doyle whistled again. It was a habit he had when he was perplexed. Perhaps he did not altogether like the figure he was destined to play in this little programme for the future; perhaps he was doubtful about the light in which his part in the performance might be regarded by a dispassionate looker-on. He thrust his hands into his trouser pockets, looked down at his varnished pumps and red spotted silk socks and whistled softly.

"Come, there is all mere waste of breath, Laurie," Lucille went on impatiently. "We can't stand here any longer—some one else might come upon us; and these discussions of a subject which I thought we had settled we couldn't talk about any more are absurd. What is of more importance just now is the consideration of what I am to do in order to silence that wretched girl, who has unluckily seen us together in what, I fear, might be called an equivocal position—for silenced somehow she must be!"

"Couldn't you bribe her?" murmured Mr. Doyle, who was not specially noted for the brilliancy of his suggestions.

Miss Maitland made a contemptuous gesture, and disdained to reply.

"What I must do," she said, "is to get at something against her; real or imaginary, so as to frighten her into holding her tongue."

"Larker!" inquired Mr. Doyle curtly, raising his eyebrows.

"Good heavens, no! Butter won't melt in her mouth, she is so correct and proper—at least, to all outward appearance. If only she had done something bad at school! But I wrote in my aunt's name to the school-mistress at Brussels, and asked if she had ever flirted with any of the masters or the college students.

"The deuce you did!" exclaimed Laurie, opening his eyes wide.

"Yes; and I got the answer only yesterday. Unfortunately it is worse than useless. 'Miss Elwyn never misconducted herself in any way the whole time she was at Brussels.' No; I must search elsewhere, and that quickly, too—there is no time to be lost;" and Miss Maitland raised her hand to her brow somewhat wearily.

"Oh, don't bother about the girl!" said Laurie Doyle. "I dare say she's a good sort, and, if you ask her not to tell, she will hold her tongue. Shall I tackle her?"

"You! Good heavens—no! Leave her to me. She is not in the least 'a good sort,' Laurie. She is a hated detective, a hideous little wretch, who would be only too glad to do me a bad turn!"

"She looked rather pretty," murmured Laurie dubiously.

"Pretty! Don't you be deluded into paying her the slightest attention. She is as vile as she is deceitful, and would only take you in, in order to make game of you behind your back!"

"Good gracious, what a horrible girl!"

"Yes, that is what she is. Take my advice and keep out of her way. Hush—I hear a door opening up-stairs! Go through that central waiting-room and the billiard room whilst I get away into the drawing-room."

She took him by the shoulders and almost pushed him through a doorway, and then turned and held herself across the hall towards the great drawing-room, her amber-satin draperies gleaming like a trail of gold behind her in the red glow of the fire that burnt on the wide hearth.

It still wanted nearly ten minutes to the dinner-hour. There was no one in the vast room into which Kathleen had first been ushered on her arrival at Clortell Towers three years and a half before. The magnificent lustre was burning in every one of its hundred chandeliers with lighted candles; two large fires burnt in splendid porcelain fireplaces, one at each end of the room; there was a litter of magnificent furniture, works of art, books, and silver trumperies; azaleas and gardenias in full bloom stood in huge pots of rare workmanship upon rich velvet pile carpets, and masses of cut flowers were heaped in vases upon the tables. Beyond the room, high glass doors opened into a spacious conservatory filled with palms and exotic plants, and lighted up with large gay-colored hanging Chinese lanterns.

Lucille wandered idly on through the room towards the conservatory doors. There was a subdued glow, a softened radiance upon the dark greens of the palms and giant ferns. She stopped inside and stood upon the moist tesselated pavement. A gold-and-crimson lantern shed a faint glow upon her fair bent head. She looked very beautiful as she stood thus, bathed in thought, playing with the scented waxen petals of a snow-white stephanotis-bloom that drooped towards her.

She might have been a pure-white anchorite dreaming of good and noble deeds, so calm and thoughtful was her unruffled brow, so peaceful and grave seemed her quiet blue eyes. As a matter of fact, she was an angry and revengeful woman cudgeling her brains for some evidence of evil to bring against an innocent fellow-creature. Suddenly, raising herself heavily, amongst the thick foliage of the plants, there was a movement as if some one was hidden behind them. Lucille raised her head sharply and listened. A moment of silence; then once again came the strange scraping noises of a stealthy dragging hither and thither cautiously along the tiled floor, accompanied by a distinct commotion amongst the long fern-fronds and wide-leaved foliage of the palms.

"Who is there?" cried Lucille, half awake to the fact that somebody was concealed in the conservatory. A silence. Then she took a directly noiseless step forward. "There is somebody there!" she said aloud. "Who is it?"

In another second she came face to face with a man in a fustian suit who was crouching behind the plants. He rose to his feet the moment she caught sight of him, and pulled his cap off his head. He did not look like a burglar or a tramp, only like a respectable gardener or keeper, with a somewhat rough wild-looking face and a tangled shock of coarse dark hair.

"Beg pardon, miss!" he said respectfully, touching his forehead with his finger.

"What are you doing here?" inquired Lucille haughtily. "Why are you hiding in the conservatory? What is your business here? You had better speak the truth, my man!"

"I will, miss. I've got shut in here by mistake—the gardeners have locked me in. I didn't want to be seen by the gentry; so I thought I'd lie quiet till they'd all gone in to their dinners. And then you came, miss, and I reached over to see you; and then I knocked that little geranium-pot over with my foot."

"But what on earth brought you here at all?" inquired Lucille. "You must have had some reason for getting into the conservatory in the first instance."

Her suspicion and mistrust probably betrayed themselves in her voice and face; for the man smiled grimly.

"Anyhow, I ain't a burglar, miss—I ain't after the spoons, nor yet the jools."

"What are you after then? You had better make haste; for Lord Elwyn and his guests will be coming into the room in a few minutes; and, if you do not explain yourself, I shall certainly inform them of your presence here."

This threat seemed to have some effect; for the man fumbled hastily in his pockets and produced a letter.

"Look here, miss! I was going to wait here till I could get hold of one of the housemaids; but you seem a good kind sort of a lady, besides being, if you'll excuse me for saying so, a most uncommon handsome one, so I don't mind a confiding of my business to you instead, and maybe you will help me. Did you happen to know Kathie Elwyn as is living here?"

"Do you allude to the Honorable Kathleen Elwyn, Lord Elwyn's daughter? Certainly I know her!"

"Then that is all right; and I dare say you'll do me a good turn along of that young woman."

Lucille was startled; but she became instantly intently attentive, and her heart began to beat fast.

"You wouldn't mind, I dessay, giving her that there letter now?—and he held out a crumpled envelope in a rough and not very clean hand.

"A letter! Is it for Miss Elwyn?"

"Certainly—and from me. She and I is old pals. Oh, she won't be able to deny that, although she do look at me in the hunting-field through a lady's glass! She can't deny as we was friends—she and me—long before she ever come to this swell place, as has made her forget them as loved her when she was a little chit of a girl without a farthen' to call her own."

"You mean—you mean you were an old friend of hers when she lived at that farm?" Lucille was a little breathless; her color came and went; she had a great difficulty in controlling her agitation.

"Yes—that's it. Friends! Ay, rather more than friends, I should say! You give her the letter—when she's alone and not before—when she's quiet and can listen to you. I want her to get it safe and sure—I couldn't trust it to any post. You give it her, miss."

(To be Continued.)

Rasping Personality.

Mr. Simmison—Wander what scart dat cat sot Mr. Coolbroth—'Spect she finks yo's a boot-jack, Claude.—*Judge.*

WHICH WILL IT BE?

Which is the fairest, a rose or a lily?
Which is the sweetest, a peach or a pear?
Merry's coquettish, and charming is Milly;
Dora is gentle and fair. [her.
Sweet as a flower was her face when I kissed
(Love is the romance and glory of life.)
Milly, my playmate, I love "like a sister,"
But Dora I choose for my wife.

That is right, young man, marry the girl you love, by all means, if she will have you. Should her health become delicate and her beauty fade after marriage, remember that this is usually due to functional disturbances, weaknesses, irregularities, or painful disorders peculiar to her sex, in the cure of which Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is guaranteed to give satisfaction, or money refunded. See the printed certificate of guarantee on bottle-wrapper.

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After the Races at the Woodbine.

Mr. Mannerborn—I thought your new chestnut fifty, Miss Newgold, had a pedigree.

Miss Newgold (who is not quite up to horsefeed)—Oh, no, indeed, Mr. Mannerborn. The dealer warranted him sound, and besides, papa would never have bought him if there had been anything the matter with him, you know.

The Malignity of Critics.

Tom Bigbee—I see, Specer, that your reputation has at last brought you a place in the columns of the *Sloppular Monthly.*

Spencer—Yes; you see they held some of the old stuff I sold them until I'd acquired a reputation, and now they bring it out to damn me!

Both the Same Color.

Ethereal wife (rapturously)—Oh, George! Mrs. Van Doremi has bought the elegant saphires which have been on exhibition at Stiffanny's. She paid $12,000 for them. Oh, darling! I have never before or since seen such a rich blue as they are!

Husband—If you could have seen Mr. Van Doremi, as I did, just after his wife told him of her purchase, you would not say that, dearest. He was infinitely more blue than the sapphires.

A Business-like Petition.

A little boy of six, when saying his prayers at night, entreated a blessing on his aunt who was lying dangerously ill, and gravely concluded with these words: "My aunt lives in No. 33 street, Parkdale."

Not of Her Own Free Will.

She—No, sir, it is impossible. I am very sorry, indeed, but I can never marry you.

He—And yet the encouragement you gave me last night in the waltz——

She—Oh, that mustn't be counted; what I said under pressure, so to speak.

The Code of Honor.

Von Bumski (third form boy)—You have insulted my cousin Ella; how dare you?

Von Schlumski (ditto)—I am ready to afford you every satisfaction.

Von Bumski—Then give us half of your breakfast.

He Felt Relieved.

"What's the occasion?" queried the tramp as he came to a dozen or more carriages before a home on Fourteenth avenue.

"Funeral," answered one of the drivers.

"Old or young?"

"Baby, believe."

"Good! I struck an old man out here for a quarter the other day, and I was afraid the shock had killed him."

A Different Account.

A well-known judge was averse to trying any case involving a question of account. An amusing incident bearing on this peculiarity of the learned justice happened on one occasion.

The counsel for the plaintiff, in opening a case before his lordship, stated at the commencement of his address that his client's husband had gone to his long account.

"What is that?" asked the learned judge, pricking up his ears. "A long account! I'm not going to try a question of account. I shall refer this case."

CRUEL KINDRED.

By the Author of "A Piece of Patchwork," "Somebody's Daughter," "The House in the Close," "Snared," "The Mystery of White Towers," "Madam's Ward," etc.

OUR "FAMILY HERALD" SERIES. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

CHAPTER XIX.

Lady Adela Nugent was no coward, and, but for one thing, might have laughed at this mishap as a joke, knowing as she did that her imprisonment was a matter only of an hour or two at most. That one thing was the thunderstorm. She did not regard that as a joke, by any means. In spite of all the common sense and philosophy which she was capable of bringing to bear, the fact remained humiliatingly the same—a thunder-storm scared her ignominiously.

Now, crouched in the farthest corner of The Shark's Mouth, with her hat flung off and her head bowed on her arms, she shuddered violently as flash followed flash and peal succeeded peal, while the rain came down in torrents.

Oh for some one to be beside her, she thought shivering with cold and terror—some one to whose arm she might cling—some one to speak to her soothingly! How foolish she was that she could not control this unreasoning terror! She tried to uncover her eyes, but screamed aloud as a vivid flash met them, and shrank more closely down into her corner.

Her cry was answered by a shout, and her name was called; but the sounds, lost in the clap that followed the flash, did not reach her ears. She was numb and faint with terror, and neither heard nor saw when the next moment a figure deftly swung itself into The Shark's Mouth and bent down by her. She shrieked as a hand touched her arm and half raised her head; and then the cry died off into a passionate expression of inarticulate relief and delight as she saw Guy Oldcastle's face.

"You will be all right now," he said soothingly, wondering if she knew how passionately she was clinging to him in her terror. "The storm will be over in a little while—it is abating already. Can you manage to stand up if I help you? That's right. Let me put this shawl round you; it is quite dry—I kept it under my macintosh. Now sit down again and hide your eyes if you like. There will be another flash presently."

Two smooth pieces of rock, one a little below the other, projected from the back of "The Shark's Mouth" not unlike a couple of seats. Upon the higher of the two Guy gently placed her, and held her hands while she hid her eyes against his arm as the flash was followed by a deafening peal. Not until the thunder sounded fainter and more distant did the girl raise her head and gently draw her hands away.

"I know I am dreadfully silly," she said, trying to smile, "but I can't help it! I am not afraid of anything else, but thunder and lightning utterly unnerve me. I—I was almost frantic with terror when I felt you touch me." She shuddered, and her eyes wandered to the shawl in which he had wrapped her—it was one of her own. "How did you find me? How did you know I was here?" she asked doubtfully. "I thought you were at Wildeross!"

"I was; but I got back to the Towers nearly an hour ago. As for finding you, one of the fishermen had chanced to see you as you climbed up to get in here. I met him as I came along and he told me. It was lucky that he did see you."

"Oh, yes, indeed!" She shivered, turning away her head as another flash came, and was silent until the following peal of thunder had died away. "But"—and she touched the shawl wonderingly—"how did you get this?"

"From your maid. I chanced to meet her, half distracted because you were out on the beach with a thunder storm coming on. As I did not know where you would find shelter and remembered that you had once told me you didn't like thunder, I came to look for you."

"Not like it!" cried Adela, with a deep breath. "Why, I detest—I shall always hate it! It frightens me nearly to death—you see it does." A sudden thought struck her. "But how did you get up here to me, Sir Guy? I had forgotten that. The tide was in—the sea close to the cliff. You must have walked right through the water."

"Yes; but that could not do me much harm, as you see." He glanced downwards at the high fishing-boots he wore. Luckily I had the sense to come prepared for a wade."

"And you are quite sure you are not wet?" asked the girl anxiously.

"Not at all. How was it that you let the tide catch you?"

"I—I forgot all about it," she said, stammering a little. "I was reading, and it was not until the storm came on that I noticed it. It was very stupid of me. I shall not want to go scrambling into The Shark's Mouth again."

Both were silent for a while. The storm was fast abating now; the sky was growing less dark; the rain was slackening. The color began to struggle back into Adela's cheeks; she tried to straighten her disordered muslin, the crispness of which had not been improved by her crouching down in her alarm; she did her best to smooth her curly rumpled hair, and secretly indulged in the feminine wish, inevitable in the circumstances, for even an inch of looking-glass to see herself in—she was so certain that she must look "a figure." Sir Guy stood perfectly quiet and still and looked out to sea.

"Must we stay here long? Will the tide be down soon?" Adela asked presently, breaking the silence.

"It will be about an hour before you can pass, I'm afraid; it is barely on the turn now. You are not cold, I hope?"

"Almost too warm. I can hardly bear the shawl since I left off shivering so wretchedly. If I were not hungry," she added, with a contented air, "I should be quite comfortable."

"Are you hungry?" He looked round now. "That's unfortunate, for I can't help you. If you were thirsty now"

"I am," said the girl, with a doleful little grimace.

"I can manage that then, although I don't know that you will particularly like the beverage. There is the flask of brandy and water in the pocket of my macintosh here which I took with me on my last all-night sail. Will you try some? It is very weak, and may prevent your taking cold."

"It will get into my head if it is not," answered the girl, rather dubiously taking the proffered flask. She drank a little of the contents, and handed it back to him. "If that is weak, I wonder what you call strong!" she said, with a laugh. "I have sandwiches in my pocket—I quite forget them—so I shan't starve after all. Did you say it will be an hour before we can get out of here?"

"About that."

"Then," said Adela, with gentle suggestiveness, "don't you think you had better sit down? These seats are very comfortable—just as if they had been made on purpose—and it can't be very nice standing there. Do!"

He turned quietly—he must have been a Stoic indeed to have resisted that "Do!"—and took the lower of the two seats, thus bringing himself beside and a little below her. She had taken a handful of biscuits from her pocket; but she let them lie in her lap unheeded, while her eyes were softly more intent upon the dark face turned from her—grave, she thought, with even more than its usual stern melancholy—as he sat all unconscious of her scrutiny. A quick change, half resolute, half tender, came over the girl's face, a sudden flame rose hotly in her cheeks, a smile made her lips quiver. She drew one short determined breath and broke the silence which he would not break.

"How pretty the Belle Aurore looks!" she said. "One would think she had enjoyed her drenching. I should like to have one more sail in her before I go away; but there won't be time for that."

Guy looked round quickly.

"Not time! Why? What do you mean? I thought it was arranged for you to stay."

"Not arranged exactly. Lady Oldcastle was kind enough to wish it, and I should have liked it; but I have had a letter from mamma saying that she expects me at Sugbrooke on Saturday."

"And are you going? Must you go?" Guy asked bluntly.

"I suppose I must." She sighed gently. "What else can I do?"

He had turned abruptly from her again, and was looking straight before him over the slowly-brightening water. The storm was over; the last faint echoes of the thunder rumbled in the distance; the sun was struggling out between the parting clouds. When he spoke, she could not see his face.

"Will," he said slowly, in a dry emotionless voice, "I always knew it must come—the time of your going away, I mean. I wish you could have stayed a few days longer—they pass soon enough; but perhaps the sooner you go the better, since you must go."

She had gently moved a little nearer to him—so close that she almost rested upon his shoulder. With her arm slowly creeping towards his neck and ready to clasp it, with her little fingers striving with coy audacity to push their way into the locked hand upon his knee, with her cheek almost touching his, she whispered softly—

"Why don't you make me stay?"

He started round with a violent gesture, every nerve thrilling. He would have been blind indeed if he had failed to read aright the look he met in her eyes. The suddenness of the revelation dazzled, stupefied, almost stunned him; but he was not blind, and he caught and held her close to his fierce-throbbing heart; while she, clinging to him, with her face hidden on his breast, was as speechless as he.

The sun, bursting out full and triumphant, shone into the jaws of "The Shark's Mouth" and upon their two radiant faces—here a picture of shy, joyous, blushing content, his half incredulous still. Although his arms were about her, although he had felt hers about him, although he knew that her lips had met his and returned his kisses, he could not yet realise this transformation of his whole life. He had long since accepted it as inevitable that he should love her; but that she should love him!

He raised her face towards his own and spoke the first words that he had spoken yet.

"Adela, you have promised to be my wife?"

"Yes," she answered simply.

"And you mean it?"

"Yes." A smile, not without a touch of shy audacity, curved her lips. "I have always meant it, you know."

"I suppose you mean it—I suppose you do." His keen eyes scanned the sweet blushing face eagerly; he was almost incredulous still. "Adela, do you know what you have done?"

"If you only knew," she said, with a shrug and a comically resigned little sigh, "what a desperate screw I had to give to my courage before I could do it, you wouldn't ask me." She turned her face to hide it against him, and her hand stole caressingly to his shoulder. "Ah, don't look at me like that, Guy," she said pleadingly—"as if you doubted me. I mean it. It seems so strange that you should never have found me out, when I found you out so soon. And how could I help speaking when I knew that you would not, and that if I didn't I should have to go away? Yes, I do know what I have done. I have promised to be your wife because I love you with all my heart, and because I know you love me as dearly. That's all—and that's enough!"

The shining water retreated slowly from the foot of the cliff and the yellow sand shone out, wet and glistening. Gradually the soft undulating line of white foam receded, leaving an ever-widening belt of sand behind it, which dried in the sunshine as soon as it was left bare.

It was Adela who first remembered that they were still in "The Shark's Mouth" and a whole, rough, scrambling mile from the Towers. With Guy's assistance, reaching the shore was only the matter of a minute, and the two turned towards the Towers, the girl holding her lover's arm and now and then softly pressing her cheek against it as they walked.

CHAPTER XX.

The lovers had little inclination to talk as they made their way from the beach to the Towers; but presently Adela asked:

"Did Lady Oldcastle know you came to find me?"

"I don't know—I have not seen her since this morning." Her face flushed as well as his at the recollection. "Did she know you were here?"

"Oh, yes; I told Pinkum to tell her! And, besides—Oh, yes, I know she knew!"

She broke off with a blush, for she thought of the letter still unopened in her pocket, and remembered Duke. She would tell Guy, of course, she thought, glancing at him—it was his business if she chose to make it so, if nobody's else—but not just yet. It made her heart swell and her lips quiver to see the difference which she had wrought in his face already. She had always felt that she could do it; she had known that she could, and she had resolved to do it too. There was no suspicion of a frown on the broad bronzed forehead, no sternness about his lips—Duke's own could hardly have been more ready to smile. She hardly knew how intently her eyes were fixed upon him, and started when he suddenly looked at her.

"I thought you were pretty well used to my grim physiognomy," he said, looking amused. "Are you thinking what a new version of Beauty and the Beast you have prepared?"

"I didn't know you could pay compliments," she returned demurely. "I was wondering—if you must know—whether I had ever really seen your face before."

"You see only your own work, my darling!" He pressed the little hand upon his arm more closely to his side. "You were forgetting, when you wondered, the magic power you had brought to bear."

"No—she shook her head laughingly—"I was remembering it. Guy"—with a shy change of tone—"I shall write to-night. I had better, I think, tell mamma."

"I will do that," he said quietly.

"Oh, no—please don't!" cried the girl, with a look of remediless consternation. "Not to mamma, I mean. Didn't I ever tell you she had nerves? Ah, you will know it as soon as you know her! Every one at Sugbrooke knows it, and goes through life on tip-toe as it were, endeavoring not to jar them. If you write to her, she will look at the signature, read two lines, collapse, and ring for her maid and salvolatile. I know exactly, because I have so often seen her do it!"—with a merry laugh. "You write to uncle Plumpers. He will put on his spectacles and judically consider every syllable; I know, because I have so often seen him do that."

"And then?" Guy asked amused.

"Oh, then he will take it and march off to mamma with it; and before he can say six words she will hold up her hands imploringly, and say that she knows all about it, because I have written to her, and that her nerves are really not equal to bearing any more! Then she will cry a little—if she can find her pocket-handkerchief—and say that it is exactly what she anticipated—which it isn't—and wind up by saying resignedly that of course I must have my own way, as it all appears to be settled, and that all she begs is that she may not be troubled with details, since he knows perfectly well that she never measures to her force. Don't you feel as if you could see them? I do."

Her gaiety had infected him, as she meant it to do, and the laugh with which he responded was as bright as her own.

They reached the Towers at last, and got indoors without encountering Lady Oldcastle, for whom Adela's eyes were apprehensively upon the watch. They went together up the staircase and along the gallery, and stopped outside the door of Adela's sitting-room.

Pinkum opened it eagerly at the sound of her mistress' voice, and immediately stood bolt-upright, staring amazedly, and instantly anxious of the state of affairs. Adela nodded to her gaily, as if to outrage propriety by standing with Sir Guy's arm round her waist were an ordinary every-day occurrence.

"Don't tell Lady Oldcastle to-night," she said eagerly to him. "I would rather she did not know it for just a little while. I—I want to get quite used to thinking of it myself first. And you are going for a sail later on, aren't you?"

"Not if you mean to come down."

"That's just it—I won't if you go. I shall have my letter to mamma to write, and, after being out so long in the lake, threatened with possible drowning, and half scared to death by a thunder-storm, I think I'm quite justified in pleading a headache—don't you? So you won't tell Lady Oldcastle to-night, will you?"

"My darling, it shall be just as you like. I will go straight to her now and tell her within five minutes, or be dumb until to-morrow—as you p'ease."

"To-morrow then,"

"To-morrow then," he echoed. "Am I to let you go now until then?"

"Yes, please. Oh, I can hear Lady Oldcastle! If she comes——"

"Why, if she comes just now, she won't need telling," Sir Guy interpolated coolly. "Good night, my dearest, if I must say it! Take care of yourself until the morning."

"Good-night!" In spite of her dread of Lady Oldcastle's distantly rustling skirts, and submissively indifferent to the blankness of Pinkum's stare and the probable laceration of her feelings, Adela stayed to receive and return his kiss before she lithely escaped his clasp and shut the door of her room between them. "And take care of yourself," she called softly; "and try to tumble over something or bang the door when you come home, please, because I never go to sleep until I hear you."

Lady Adela sat down upon her chintz covered sofa, coolly pulling all her curly brown hair down about her shoulders, and Pinkum stood still and stared, with a perfectly expressionless countenance, at the opposite wall. The girl began to sing softly to herself, twisting the long tresses round her little hand, and appeared to be as unconscious of her maid's presence as she had just before been heedless of her sense of propriety.

Presently she stopped, pressed her hands over her eyes, laughed, and shook back her hair.

"Pinkum, I'm so dreadfully hungry—almost starving! Go down-stairs, please, and get me something to eat—I don't mind what. I'm not going down to dinner, and, if I were, I couldn't wait. And ask cook to send me up some of her clear coffee."

She stopped for a moment, and, receiving no answer, looked round over her shoulder. Pinkum was still rigid, her eyes were still fixed upon the wall.

"Pinkum, don't you hear me! What in the world are you standing there like a lamp-post for!"

As Pinkum remained motionless and mute, Adela got up and put her hands upon her shoulders.

"Pinkum, what's the matter with you? Have you gone crazy, or have you lost your tongue? Now I'll shake you if you don't speak! Look at me, and don't be so silly!"

Pinkum turned her head obediently, and showed a very flushed face and a couple of big tears just ready to drop from her bright black eyes. The girl's face changed instantly. She put her arms round the buxom figure, and laid her head down upon the motherly bosom.

"Kiss me, dear old woman," she said fondly "kiss me and wish me joy! I meant to tell you presently—I forgot you must know. I am so happy that I must have some one to be happy with me. There is no one else to be really glad in all this great house—hardly any one to care much, I think, in all the world. So kiss me, dear, and tell me you are glad, if only because I am the happiest girl in the world."

"Ah, dear, then, me lady, if it's all the happiness that ye have that I wish ye, sure it's happy enough that ye'll be!" Pinkum cried, valiantly stifling an obstinate sob, and returning her mistress' embrace with a fervent hug. "And here it's starving that ye are, me beauty, and me standing with me hands hanging on to me arms like a fool entirely!"—and Pinkum disappeared with an extraordinary expression of countenance, compounded as it was of a strong inclination to laugh and an almost stronger inclination to cry.

When she came back presently, bearing a daintily-spread and well-loaded tray, she had very obviously been crying, for her plump red cheeks were smeared and shining. Lady Adela had removed her creased muslin for a dressing-gown, replaced her walking-shoes by slippers, and was sitting by the window, pulling her hair through and through her fingers and looking out with soft musing eyes.

Pinkum bustled about, arranging the table to the utmost pitch of nicety, and then approached her mistress.

"Won't you please come now, me lady? The coffee'll be getting cold."

"Yes." Without looking round, Adela put up her hand gently to her shoulder. "Why did you look so amazed just now, Pinkum?" she asked softly. "You couldn't have been so really—were you? Tell me, now—weren't you expecting it just a little bit?"

"Sure then, me lady, it's a lie I'd be telling if I said I was," Pinkum returned promptly. "But, if your ladyship asks me, it was."

"Yes?" Adela looked up quietly. "It was what?"

"Why, then, sure it was Mr. Duke I was thinking of, me lady!" Pinkum cried, in apparent desperation. "And sure it's the handsomest, pleasantest-spoken young gentleman he is that I ever set one eyes on entirely!"

"Sure it's the greatest nuisance it is that he ever bothered me entirely!" Adela cried, breaking into a ringing laugh. "If it's odd that he can bewitch other people without trying a bit, when he can't bewitch me by trying his hardest. I'm afraid all of you down-stairs are dreadfully susceptible, do you know? It's quite shocking! I hope your Mr. Duke is grateful for all the admiration he gets—I should fancy he would appreciate it." She suddenly grew grave, and looked up into Pinkum's rosy face with an expression that her lover ought to have seen. "Listen, Pinkum," she said, with sweet gravity—"you mustn't talk like that to me again, because I don't like to hear it. I don't care for Mr. Duke—I never should—I couldn't—and I do love Sir Guy with all my heart! I say it to you because I want you to remember it, and because I am fond of you, and know that you are fond of me. There"—she smiled, touched her nurse's lips lightly with her own—"that's all—and I am hungrier than ever!"

(To be Continued.)

Both of Them Confused.

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"This bustle make my head ache," she said.

"Probably," observed he, "if you were to wear a smaller one——"

"Sir!" she indignantly cried; "I mean the noise confuses me."

"I beg your pardon," stammeredhe. "I am confused too."

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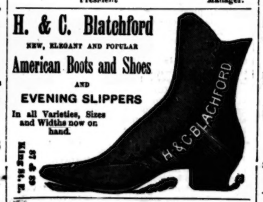

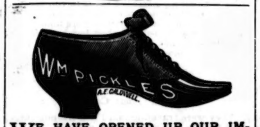

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John's Mother.

There was a timid knock at the door of the country printing office, or rather of the room which I dubbed the sanctum of the *Weekly Palladium*, over whose destinies I presided. After the usual "come in" there entered a faded and bent old lady, whose dress immediately proclaimed her as a resident of the far back townships. She had a frightened, bewildered look and her bombazine dress was dusty and wrinkled with the long ride she had taken over the Kansas prairies in her trip to the county seat.

I regretted having called out so roughly and apologized. She did not notice my apology, but asked in a trembling voice:

"Is this the printin' office?"

"Yes, ma'am," I replied; "what can I do for you?"

"I saw ye didn't have 'nothin' about John in the paper."

I did not know John from Adam and was about to tell her so, but was glad a moment after that I did not.

"I told the undertaker," she went on, "ter see that the paper knew about it; but I 'spose he didn't."

"No, he never told me, I am sure."

"Ye see we live out in Cheever Township an' ye prob'ly didn't hear of John's dyin'. I looked fer it in the paper but didn't see nothin'."

"I'm sorry, but if you will give me the facts I'll see that it goes in next week," was the only reply that I could make.

"John was an awful good boy," she began. "He was good fer me an', that's what counts. When we came west we had kinder poor luck. My husban' died, an' the other boys left me an' with debts on the claim an' no money ahead, I don't know what I'd a done 'cept for John. He worked night and day, plowin' an' plantin' an' sowin'. He never had a harsh word for his mother—never."

She stopped a moment to wipe her eyes and I found it convenient to look in another direction.

She continued: "He was 25 years old, but he looked ten more—he worked too hard. I guess it killed him, but I didn't know he was overdoin'. He never complained. He wasn't sick long—just a few days. I done all I could. I'd have given my life for John, if the Lord 'd have let it be that way. You don't know how lonesome the claim is now. Jest me alone in the sod cabin; I can't die, an' it's only sorrow to live. I had John buried on the prairie so I could go to him. I'll go to him fer good pretty soon, I hope."

She sobbed a little and then recovered sufficiently to give me the full name, age, etc., of the dead youth, after which, her errand accomplished, she left me to ride home across the sun-beaten prairies to the lonely cabin set amid the billows of green, far from the rushing world's highway.

If I did not give John a suitable death notice the next week, if I did not feelingly portray the unselfish heroism of the boy whose world was his mother and whose ambition was to aid her in her necessities, it was not because I did not try faithfully and earnestly. I hope I succeeded in bringing a little comfort to the heart of John's mother, who may be yet waiting to join the noble son buried beneath the carpet of sod stretching away from her door.—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Devil's Poem.

The editor had gone to a dog fight, leaving the devil in charge of the office. The irrepressible spring poet makes his appearance with a short poem which he wishes to be inserted. He gives the devil $2 to set it up and insert in the next edition of the paper. This is how it appeared:

NATURE AND SPRINGTIME.

BY ALGERNON J. DUBBS.

what a beautiful time is Spring
When the Birdies begin to sing
And the bumblebees and The chicka^es
carry their beds around in a sling
when the black and Tikling aunts
Crawl od the yung mave Pants
And eht strudebull and miskeeto hug
while the spiders engage in a dance
y the birds gilt drunk on due
& often the robin A chue
While the Grate o'wl. blinks
& tup spanna wings
ad the w^ls Of the gra cuckoo
y the koon goes off on A spre
Along with the ohipmunk & fie
& the Odorus skunk
gets thunderN drunk
And trise to make Luve to th^be.

—*Peck's Sun.*

From a Stock Market Point of View.

"Ah, Jacob, I fear I hafe not many tays to live."

"Nonsense, Fader, you have as much as t'irty years yet before you."

"No, J'acob, no! The Lord is n't going to take me at 100 when he can get me at 70."—*Puck.*

A great many of the ladies and gentlemen of this city, intending to visit the great Paris Exhibition, are following the special courses instituted to this effect by the Berlitz School of Languages, 81 King street east.

How Colonel Ingersoll Meets Prejudice.

"I would never engage Colonel Ingersoll for a counsellor," said a business man the other day; "I should fear that the very prejudice against him on account of his religion would lose the case with the average jury.

This remark calls to mind the uniform practice of the orator before a jury, a practice he adopted at the outset of his career at the bar. He realized that unconscious if not conscious prejudice might quietly work against him, particularly in places where he was not personally known, and so his first object everywhere has been to overcome any secret religious twings against himself.

"There was but one thing that could serve me this purpose," he said to a Philadelphia friend long ago, "and that was humor. There is only one sort of argument that will completely untie the knots in a stubborn, bigoted brain, and that is humorous argument. No fallacy can withstand the force of humor, though all the facts in the universe would not budge it. There is an insidious, undermining power about humor that leaves nothing for prejudice to stand on. About the first case in which I appeared as a pleader there were twelve men on the jury that hated me so religiously that I thought the best thing I could do for my client was to take a train and leave the state. But I didn't. I stayed there and when it came my turn to address the jury, they looked as though they would rather hear an address from Mephistopheles himself. I had some good anecdotes in stock and I began to weave them into my address, one after another, where I thought they would hit. The first one was taken with perfect soberness. After awhile I got an encouraged wrinkle on one old fellow's place. Another yarn made several of them grin. I was running short of good things to say, but I felt that I dare not stop speaking until I had made every one of them laugh to himself like a good fellow. Before I had finished every juror's face had been many times thoroughly wreathed with smiles and the laughter of the crowd in the court-room had been checked repeatedly. I won the case and resolved never to leave a jury, if I could help it, until I had made every man in it take several good quiet laughs, as a guarantee that he had nothing against me personally—as a safeguard against unconscious prejudice."—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

ROGERS—On May 30, at Hamilton, Mrs. Frank J. Rogers—a daughter.

THOMAS—On May 28, at Chatham, Mrs. J. E. Thomas—a daughter.

WATTS—On May 18, at Toronto, Mrs. G. W. Watts—a son.

WARRINGTON—On May 25, at Toronto, Mrs. F. Warrington—a son.

BLAIR—On May 24, at Toronto, Mrs. J. W. Blair—a son.

TAYLOR—On May 17, at Ingersoll, Mrs. Wilson Taylor—a son.

WILSON—On May 30, at Toronto, Mrs. F. Wilson—a daughter.

MOFFATT—On June 1, at Toronto, Mrs. Fred. C. Moffatt—a daughter.

MARTIN—On June 2, at Hamilton, Mrs. Geo. E. Martin—a daughter.

EDGAR—On May 23, at Sundridge, Mrs. Joseph Edgar—a daughter.

GREEN—On June 1, at Toronto, Mrs. Charles Green—a daughter.

KANTEL—On May 29, at Brockville, Mrs. Emil A. Kantel—a daughter.

HEBDEN—On June 2, at Toronto, Mrs. E. F. Hebden—a son.

PHIPPS—On June 2, at Toronto, Mrs. Frank H. Phipps—a daughter.

SHEPPARD—On June 3, at Toronto, Mrs. S. T. Sheppard—a son.

LEWIS—On June 3, at Toronto, Mrs. George Lewis—a son.

BRAITHWAITE—On June 2, at Calgary, N. W. T., Mrs. A. Douglas Braithwaite—a daughter.

ATKINSON—On June 3, at Lambton Mills, Mrs. G. W. Atkinson—twin sons.

GAMBLE—On June 3, at Rochester, N. Y., Mrs. Frederick J. Gamble—a son.

LENT—On June 4, at Baltimore, Mrs. D. H. Lent—a son.

PHILLIPS—On June 4, at Toronto, Mrs. Arthur E. Phillips—a daughter.

Marriages.

McKENZIE—LAWES—On May 22, at Cobourg, J. McKenzie of Toronto, to Bertha Lawes of Cobourg.

WARD—WILLIAMS—On May 30, at Toronto, William R. Ward to Mamie Williams of Houghton, Mich.

BELL—HODGSON—On May 29, at Stayner, D. G. Bell to Maggie J. Hodgson.

MANN—ORR—On May 22, at Georgetown, Andrew Mann of Toronto, to Nellie M. Orr.

JARVIS—ECHLIN—On May 18, at Kennington Park, London West, Eng., T. Henry T. Jarvis to Isabella Grace Echlin, late of Arnprior.

LAURIE—LITTLE—On June 4, at Scarboro, John Laurie to Nellie Little.

WATT—INGLIS—On June 4, at Toronto, John Watt of Ingersoll, to Belle Inglis.

BELL—DE COU—On June 5, at Port Dover, Charles Herbert Bell of Toronto, to Annie Louise De Cou.

MITCHELL—SMITH—At Toronto, on June 5, Henry Bucknall Mitchell of Millwood, Man., to Emily Crawford Smith of Toronto.

POSTLETHWAITE—GREEN—On June 5, at Toronto, Colin R. U. Postlethwaite to Amy S. Green.

SYKES—NELLES—On June 4, at Brantford, Sydney B. Sykes of Toronto to Eleanor Maude Nelles.

TORRANCE—HOLLIDAY—On June 5, at Guelph, William Percy Torrance of Toronto, to Harriet Edith Holliday of Guelph.

CLARK—MITCHELL—On June 5, at St. Thomas, Andrew J. Clark to Alice M. Mitchell.

CHOAL—THOMPSON—On June 5, at Peterboro, Alex. B. Choal of Ingersoll to Anna Thompson.

Deaths.

MACDONALD—On May 30, at Toronto, George MacDonald, barrister, aged 29 years.

McBURNEY—On May 28, at Toronto, Samuel McBurney, builder, aged 66 years.

RENNIE—On May 29, at Agincourt, Gordon Rennie, aged 67 years.

GALNA—On May 25, at Mill Lake, Parry Sound, Charles W. Galna, aged 12 years.

WILLIS—On June 3, at Toronto, Katharine Maria Willis, aged 21 years.

CLEMENTS—On June 3, at Toronto, Ernest Archibald Clements, aged 14 years.

FINLAYSON—On June 3, at Paris, Hugh Finlayson, sen., aged 78 years.

TAYLOR—On June 3, at Toronto Mrs. W. L. Taylor, aged 35 years.

TRIPP—On June 4, at Toronto, Thomas Tripp, aged 64 years.

CLINKUNBROOMER—On June 4, at Bradford, Mrs. Nancy Clinkunbroomer, aged 77 years.

BROUGHTON—On June 4, at Eastwood, Frederick Broughton, aged 67 years.

TWOHY—On May 21, at Toronto, Sarah A. Twohy, aged 79 years.

EVANS—On May 29, at Hamilton, Michael Thomas Evans, aged 42 years.

EAGAN—On May 31, at Toronto, John Eagan, aged 27 years.

FENWICK—On May 31, at Toronto, Mrs. Thomas Fenwick.

FARRELL—On May 31, at Toronto, James Farrall.

WAUD—On May 31, at Toronto, Brian Wilkes Waud, aged 52 years.

SERVICE—On June 1, at Toronto, Robert Service, aged 77 years.

HECTOR—On June 1, at Toronto, Thomas Hector, aged 83 years.

LIGHTFOOT—On June 1, at Toronto, Ada Lightfoot, aged 10 months.

MAUNSELL—On June 1, at Toronto, Annie Maunsell.

NICHOLSON—On June 1, at Toronto, Lydia Maud Nicholson.

WIGLEY—On June 2, at Toronto, Robert G. Wigley, aged 26 years.

HART—On June 3, at Stirling, Ont., Mrs. Charles Hart.

BACON—On June 4, at Toronto, John Bacon, aged 77 years.

WEST—On June 1, at Toronto, Mrs. Harriet Brand West, aged 52 years.

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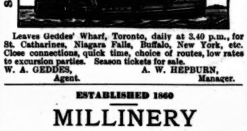

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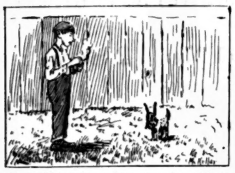

Reginald is going to have some fun with fire-crackers. He is accompanied by Napoleon.

He lights one and tosses it away, whereupon Napoleon rushes wildly to pick it up.

But not finding it in the grass, he sits down to watch for another.

When he suddenly discovers number one.

How He Knew.

"I say, Jenkins, can you tell a young chicken from an old one?"
"Of course I can."
"Well, how?"
"By the teeth."
"Chickens don't have teeth."
"No, but I have."

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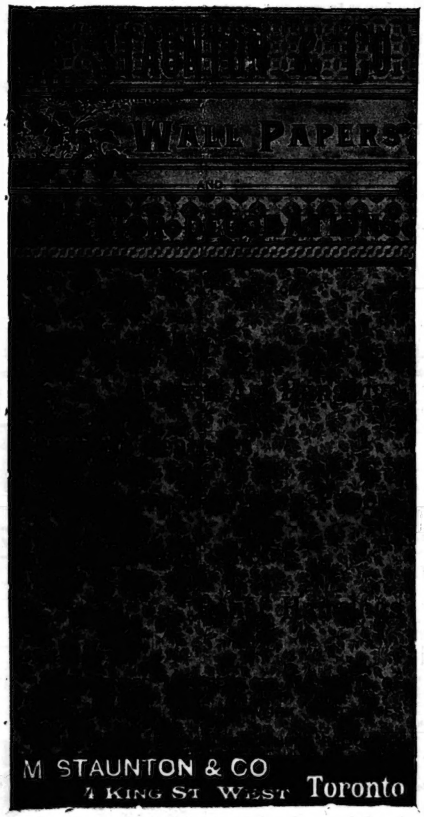

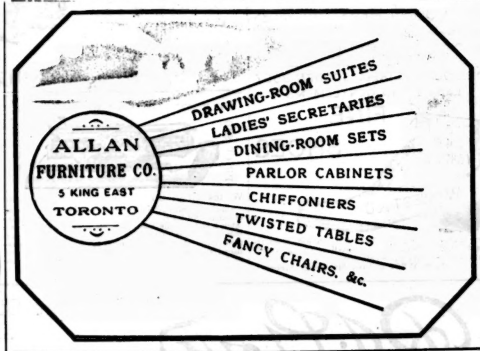

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